

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



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THE GEN. JOHN COCHRANE ADDRESSING THE SEVENTH REGIMENT, IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE REVIEW BY THE PRESIDENT AT WASHINGTON FEB. 23, 1860.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.—SEE PAGE 232.

PRIZE FIGHT IN ENGLAND.

STRUGGLE FOR THE CHAMPION'S BELT.

Heenan, American, vs. Sayers, England.

OUR SKETCHES OF THE EVENT.

The great man to man struggle about to take place in England between the old experienced pugilist, Tom Sayers, the Champion of England, and John C. Heenan, the young American pugilist, is creating an extraordinary interest and excitement in both countries. Although the character of the combat does not embrace any of those dazzling surroundings which accompanied the knightly encounters of old, still there is sufficient of the odor of chivalry left to it to render it of interest to a vast class of our people; and this point must be borne in mind—the antagonists meet in friendly rivalry—they hold no enmity—they shake hands in token thereof, saying, "May the best man win." This good feeling, and the fact that after the fight the men, in almost every instance, become fast friends, robs the encounter of every vestige of malice or savageness.

The coming struggle for the Champion's Belt in England assumes in some degree the proportions of a national encounter, and in that light it is viewed by hundreds of thousands of our people. The excitement it has created, and which is every day growing stronger, is two-fold. One class views it as a struggle involving the physical supremacy of the races—a struggle in which the honor of the nation is at stake; the other class view it somewhat similarly, but with an eye to interest, vast sums having been risked upon the issue of the struggle.

Knowing the feverish anxiety of the public mind upon this subject,

We Have Sent an Artist to England,
who will furnish us with

EVERY SUBJECT OF INTEREST

connected with the

CHAMPION FIGHT IN ENGLAND,

THE TRAINING OF THE MEN,

PORTRAITS OF THE COMBATANTS,

THEIR SECONDS,

THE NOTED SPORTING CHARACTERS,

together with

Views of the Principal Sporting Places in England.

We have been in correspondence for some time past with the Editor of *Bell's Life in London*, and also with two eminent English artists, in connection with the matter, and shall receive the earliest and most reliable information and sketches, in addition to those of our own artist, of the progress of the contest, and every detail of interest connected with this great

INTERNATIONAL PHYSICAL CONTEST.

OUR EXPOSURE OF THE SONS OF MALTA.

Challenge to the Order.

THE members of this degenerate Order are using every means to discredit our illustrated exposure of their barefaced humbugs. We once more solemnly assert that all that we have written and engraved is wholly reliable and true in every particular; and furthermore we now

CHALLENGE ANY SON OF MALTA

to publicly disprove our exposure, pledging ourselves in answer to publicly sustain all that we have asserted. This challenge is open to all.

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MISS LAURA KEENE AS EFFIE DEANS.
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Doors open at half-past six; to commence at half-past seven o'clock.
Performance over at ten o'clock.
Admission.....Fifty and Twenty-five Cents.

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ENGAGEMENT OF MRS. JOHN WOOD.
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NEW AND POPULAR COMPANY OF COMEDIANS.
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Admission to all, 25 cents; Children under ten, 13 cents.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.
FRANK LESLIE, Editor and Publisher.

NEW YORK, MARCH 10, 1860.

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The Foreign News.

THE news from Europe is not very important, being merely the gradual development of the Palmerstonian and Louis Napoleon policy. The Conservative members had resolved to oppose Mr. Gladstone's budget, but with little prospect of success, since the press generally supported it. It was thought that the Ministers

would consent to a few modifications, to meet the objections of some of the ultra Liberals. There had been a debate in the House of Lords on the Savoy annexation question, in which several Peers, both Liberal and Conservative, spoke very firmly against it. In the Commons, Lord Palmerston requested Mr. Kinglake to withdraw his motion on the same subject. The French press had received orders from headquarters not to discuss the question at present. It is very clear, however, that the whole affair has been arranged between Lord Palmerston and Louis Napoleon. The *Presse* had received a warning for some article, and the *Debats* had been bought by the Government, to advocate the Free Trade measures lately propounded.

Lord Elgin would probably proceed again to China, to see what could be done to save the effusion of blood. The Anglo-French expedition was of a very formidable description. General Sir William Napier, the historian, died on the 13th, aged seventy-four.

The French Minister had invited the Pope to make some proposition for the pacification of the Romagna and the revolted Legations. The Pope had addressed a letter to the Bishop of Orleans, thanking him for his energetic support.

The news from Central Italy is very significant. The deputies were to assemble, to deliberate upon the propriety of taking their seats in the Sardinian Parliament in Turin.

From Naples, the news is very revolutionary. A conspiracy had been detected in the Neapolitan army, which was supposed to have considerable ramifications. In Sicily the utmost disorder prevailed—the troops committed the wildest excesses, and a placard had been extensively posted on the walls, calling upon the Sicilians to rise, as their brethren had done in Northern and Central Italy.

The war still continues between the Spaniards and the Moors. The Spanish Government have declared that they will not make peace till they have taken Tangiers.

Austria evidently is yielding to the pressure of the age, since the *Vienna Gazette* publishes a circular to the Protestant Consistories in Hungary, conveying the imperial permission for them to assemble in Conference, and to decide on means to be proposed to Government for redress of their grievances.

A Vienna dispatch of the 13th says: "The reforms promised in the Ministerial programme are about to be granted. Every Province will receive a separate Constitution and Administration, according to the wants of the different Nationalities."

It was said at Vienna that a new loan was projected.

First-Class Tenement-Houses.

NEXT to the plague of servants, the plague of rents and of residences forms the greatest domestic affliction in our good village of New York, and we regret to see that year by year it manifests itself in cities in every part of the Union. Owing to the rapid growth of population and to the almost national demand for fine dwellings, in which Americans surpass the people of any other nation, house-rent is dear out of all proportion to the other needs of life, and the possibility of a remedy for the evil is becoming a matter of very serious consideration.

At present the only alternative for those who cannot hire a house is to take lodgings at a boarding-house or hotel. But the very vulgar popular mania for ostentation, which poisons social life in this country, demands that hotels and boarding-houses, to be "respectable," should expend needless thousands on mirrors and gimcrack upholstery, and submits in all such cases to a scale of charges which makes all lodging in such places as expensive as housekeeping. The obvious remedy is, of course, good rooms in good buildings, rented furnished or unfurnished, with or without meals, on the Unitary Home principle.

It is not enough to adopt the so-called "European plan," in which the owner of the house sublets to the landlord, and this one again to others, and so on. It is the owner or owners who should sublet at once to the occupants, employing a resident agent to collect rents. It is, in fact, the tenement-house system applied to the wants of respectable people.

We are indebted to Mr. Charles Gambrill, an architect of this city, who has made a specialty of this subject, and who understands it practically in all details, for the suggestion that those who intend building can find no investment which pays so liberally as that of first-class lodging-houses; while, on the other hand, these can be so constructed as to be in every respect cheap, and not only comfortable but elegant. The Studio Building in Tenth street is an illustration of the assertion. The demand for its rooms is always far greater than the supply, and there are few pieces of property which pay better on the investment. It proves, too, that it is possible to live in highly respectable apartments at a moderate price, when a system is adopted whereby needless expense is avoided. Hitherto the common American feeling that every family to be "respectable" must have a house of its own, has withheld architects from attempting to perfect such homes, or capitalists from erecting them. But the tremendous rate at which people are being crowded together in our rapidly growing cities will soon bring the improved lodging-house system into notice. People will find, to their amazement, that they may live in brown stone-fronted houses, in as good rooms as in the most respectable hotel, and among perfectly respectable fellow-lodgers, for one-third the rent which they now pay; while those seeking investment will also discover that, by means of a little management, nothing is easier than to fill a house with tenants of good character, and that all prejudices as to this manner of living will speedily vanish when its excellencies shall be more extensively illustrated by practical example.

We commend the consideration of this subject not only to the inhabitants of New York, but of other cities. From what we have seen of its operation, we are convinced that where it is properly carried out, it presents advantages which are on the whole unequalled by any other mode of living at anything like the same expense. As for the objection that children are "spoiled in hotels and boarding-houses," all that we can say is, that those who pay as low a rent in New York for houses to themselves will run the risk of living in neighborhoods where every influence and association is as bad as possible. Every year sees the difficulty of obtaining good cheap houses increase, while with it increases the conviction that the only practical solution of the problem is in improved Tenement-Houses.

True Christian Reformers.

We have observed with pleasure that the Christian Young Men's Association of Brooklyn has appropriated \$50,000 for the purpose of establishing a gymnasium, which is to be, in every respect, a first class one, and, as we hope, to be conducted on those principles by which physical culture is raised to a science, and distinctly separated

from the old-fashioned system, in which only the "fighting man" were developed. We have already casually alluded to the difference and to the disastrous effects which have resulted from suffering manner of manly sports to become identified with dissipation "sport." The subject is, however, as yet but little understood or thought about, and may be discussed to advantage.

It has been frequently and clearly shown that the over-Pharisaism or mistaken morality which turns its eyes away from rational amusement and cheerfulness, and which persists in pointing out the miseries of this "vale of tears" as the only means of finding the next world attractive, has had thereby the disastrous effect of making all persons believe themselves to be doing wrong, least, to be out of the pale of believers, who indulge in it. This has caused and kept up, in our social system, a tremendous amount of vice and of all manner of moral and physical simply that a few soul zealots may be able to indulge in the miserable vanity of saying, "I am holier than thou!"

The result has been that all cheerful physical exercise has been literally put under the ban. Within a very few years more than one minister of the Gospel has been formally punished by his colleagues for playing at tennis; dancing is generally interdicted; billiards are assumed to be sinful; riding is as perilous to the soul as the body, if the horse be in any degree "fast;" and so on through the category. All of this wretched cant and falsehood has simply been a sacrifice to the devil. The great majority of people must and will have amusement, and finding it generally reprobated as frivolous and sinful, they have accepted it as such. Gambling and drinking have, in consequence, naturally blended themselves with all manly amusements, fighting is regarded as the true object of muscular development, the billiard and bar-room are identical, until, what between very good people on the one hand, and very bad ones on the other, parents are really in alarm if a child manifests a desire to do aught beyond fulfilling "the duties of life."

It is time to look this question in the face. Has the religion of America so little soundness or power, that it cannot redeem from the bonds of sin matters so absolutely essential to common humanity as health, strength, and the cheerfulness which sustains life, like bread? Fortunately there are many among its adherents who believe, with the Christian Young Men of Brooklyn, that it is not so paltry and vitiated as one might suppose. There is a new party springing up with nobler and more truly religious ideas than those of the narrow and straightlaced Puritan school, which had, perhaps, a historical value in the days when it was necessary to oppose the enormous corruption of an English Court, but which has lost this value for nearly two centuries. In fact, our country is at present on the verge of a vast social reform, which may be effected quietly, but which will inevitably, in a few years, absorb a great proportion of the active philanthropic spirit now wasted on Borioboola Ghas, on contemptible polemics, and we may add, on empty abstractions in politics. Our rational minds are beginning to perceive that education, health and intellectual culture are realities demanding the most vigorous and earnest efforts, and matters not to be neglected because the weaker brethren are weak. A very important part of this great social reform will consist of separating physical culture from the filth of dissipation and debauchery, and this may be partly done by introducing that perfect and elaborate training which distinguishes the modern gymnasium from the old one. Let the reformers and young men of the time develop every muscle, advocate every healthy and cheerful recreation; let them declare themselves as much the partisans of truly scientific bodily development, as the enemies of that diabolical asceticism which tacitly teaches its adherents that, to merit heaven, earth should be made a hell. To all such reformers we cry God speed! We have thousands of them already among our readers—we trust that scores of thousands more will earnestly think this matter over, and realize that, to make either youth or age happy, it is necessary to cultivate sound health, and thereby qualify man and woman for their only true destiny—progress in action, in benevolence and in enjoyment.

Our Indian Heroes.

THE history of the world affords but three instances of empires so vast that a war, either great or small, is perpetually raging on some of their frontiers. We need hardly add that these exceptions are Rome, England and the United States. In the former, the Temple of Janus was shut for the second time in the days of Augustus, and a writer in the *London Quarterly* stated, some few weeks ago, that England has not been universally at peace for one hundred and seventeen years. During these four last generations, she has either had European, Asiatic or American wars to try her mettle.

The same peculiarity is becoming part of our progressiveness, which, indeed, is only another word for aggression. The last California mail has brought an account of the victorious termination, on the northern confines of California, of a war in which as much valor and discipline have been displayed as ever were seen on the plains of Magenta or Solferino. It is not sufficiently known that the North Californian Indians are of a very warlike nature, and are not at all afraid of gunpowder. They will meet the white man face to face, and give him blow for blow. General Kibbe has just completed a campaign against the Pitt River Indians, of which an American may justly feel proud. In response to an order from Governor Weller, General Kibbe proceeded, on the 2d of August, to Tehama, where he organized a company of ninety volunteers, and immediately started in pursuit of the Indians, whose outrages on the settlers of a tract extending from Butte Creek to the head of Pitt River, had become of great frequency. The tribes united in hostility against these settlers amounted to about two thousand souls, of whom nearly five hundred were braves. Several expeditions had been sent against them, but not having effected anything, the savages were much emboldened.

Divided into three detachments of thirty men each, the volunteers entered the Territory at different points, and after several sharp skirmishes, drove the Indians to the hills occupied by the Pitt River and Hat Creek Indians, where the savages deemed themselves secure. Retiring to a stronghold which they thought impregnable, they defied the white men. For eight days both parties were on the watch. At last General Kibbe captured two Indian warriors, through whom the American leader made a proposition to the red skins. This being scornfully rejected, an attack was made upon their stronghold, which resulted in the complete defeat of the Indians. Many were killed and a large number captured. The remainder retreated, and were vigorously pursued for three weeks, at the expiration of which time the chief sent a delegation to treat for peace. After a conference, four hundred and fifty men, women and children surrendered, thus putting an end to the war; making in all twelve hundred taken prisoners and two hundred killed. It is a remarkable and gratifying fact that not a

single child, and only one woman lost her life. The remnant of these tribes passed through San Francisco about three weeks ago on their way to the Mendocino Reservation, a tract on the Pacific coast, near to which the Northerner was lost. We must not forget to chronicle an episode in the war, which partakes more of the chivalric ages than our own utilitarian times.

The day before the chief sent his delegation, an interpreter came from the Indian stronghold who challenged fifteen of the American warriors to meet an equal number of braves. These men were posted among some rocks in a canon. The challenge was at once accepted, and fifteen of the most experienced Indian fighters among our countrymen were selected, and the combat commenced. The fight lasted above an hour, at the end of which time fourteen of the Indians were killed, and only four of the volunteers wounded. The surviving Indian, refusing to surrender, made a desperate effort to escape, but was killed.

We cannot close this brief epitome of a very interesting campaign without praising General Kibbe's report, which is once modest, manly, humane and soldierly.

EDITORIAL GLANCES AT MEN AND THINGS.

N. P. Willis does a great deal of curious thinking away up there at Idlewild. A week or two since he read the women of America a good natured but truthfully severe lecture, the text of which was "that American women began to fascinate too soon, and left off too early." Every one who moves in our strangely constituted society will at once see the truthfulness of the text. Our children are serious flirts; our girls monopolize society, while our women yet in the spring-time of their exceeding beauty are shelved—put upon the retired list—laid up in ordinary. This is all wrong, and leads to much evil. The lady in her mature beauty is the natural safeguard of the young and inexperienced debutantes from the insidious attacks of blasé men of the world. They are the perfect rose—the buds should be sheltered beneath their leaves, modest, unseen, their fragrance only dreamed of until the rounding years shall in turn give to them the ripeness of perfect womanhood. Our society is too young, without the frank-hearted innocence which is youth's chiefest charm.

To those who sojourn, however briefly, at Washington, the art of procuring something to eat becomes the most precious and the most pressing necessity. With every one it is literally a struggle for life. Money you may have and disburse the same at the hotel which has caught you, but you soon begin to find out that expending money there does not bring its worth in food. Great pay and little eat is understood, if not printed, in Washington. Fortunately, however, for the famished stranger, not far from Willard's hungry hotel the restaurant of John D. Hammack can be found. There the starved out hotel-dwellers meet upon the common ground of sustenance. There they breakfast, there they dine and there they sup; and we can speak from experience, there they do those things well. Every luxury of the season is waiting upon call, every necessary ready at hand; while the cooking is perfect, the serving recherche, and the attendance all that could be desired. The viands in quality are beyond reproach, and the sparkling fluids which bubble in the glasses or lie strongly silent in their richness are of the very finest brands and vintages. Among these the glorious champagne of Charles Heidsieck stands pre-eminent. So the restaurant of John D. Hammack is the resort of the Senator the Congressman, the lawyer, the editor, the lobbyist and the general outsider, and none who can pay or get credit go away hungry or thirsty. It is, in short, the great humanitarian establishment of Washington, supported by voluntary subscription, and full value given in return.

We find in a Cincinnati exchange, that a conductor on one of the city railroad cars was fined \$25 for compelling a man to yield his seat to a woman. The court held that no lady could claim a seat as a right. We think the judgment was correct, although the conductor exercised no more tyranny over one man than custom does over all men. We have often started from the City Hall in a car filled with gentlemen, and before it has reached Houston street have seen every seated man displaced and their seats occupied by ladies, who would push in although they saw the car was crowded. They enter without fear, because they know, though old and young may have to stand, they will be sure to get a seat. This tyranny of custom is often intolerable to the weary worn-out men of business, riding home for rest, and often have we heard suppressed but earnest groans as a fresh invasion of crinolines, vast in dimensions and full of spirits from their shopping excursions or promenading, displaced one after another the tired out men from their seats. It would not do to charge ladies \$25 for every man they turn out of his seat, for the husbands or fathers would have to settle up after all, but something should be done to abate the intolerable tyranny of woman in our city cars.

Evans's Great Gift Book Store, at Philadelphia, is an institution which every visitor to the Quaker City should inspect. On our way from Washington last week we visited the gift book store, and recognized it at once from the illustrations of it which appeared but recently in our paper. It is an immense concern, but large as are the premises, so greatly has the business increased that they are not nearly extensive enough. Huge piles of books five or six feet high extended all round and along the store, and each pile was surmounted by the jewel box containing the presents to accompany that particular set of books. We were present when the mails came in, and witnessed the counting and the footing up of the amount received in the letters that day. The total was the snug little sum of \$3,000. A pretty fair pest that. The "gift" plan is purely a business arrangement, straightforward and honorable. Mr. Evans buys for cash and sells for cash, and he is content to distribute a portion of his legitimate profits among his customers; that is, he is content with thirty per cent. instead of forty or fifty. This liberal system is appreciated by the public, and he sells ten books where others sell one. Strict integrity and a popular system has built up, literally, a stupendous business, the profits for a year or two past varying between sixty and one hundred thousand dollars. The success of Mr. Evans is another proof that success is the natural result of liberal enterprise conducted with integrity.

What becomes of the thousands of indictments or crimes of every degree, placed in the hands of the District Attorney? This question has been asked over and over again both by the public and the press, but until recently no answer has been vouchsafed from that important and well paid officer. Within a few days, however, the present occupant of that office, Mr. Waterbury, volunteers his reasons in the first place for refusing to furnish a list of the indictments to the Board of Supervisors, and in the second for not prosecuting all the criminals as it is his duty to do. Tender-heartedness appears as the dominant reason for his leniency, together with a delicate sensibility as to hurting the feelings of the relatives of the accused. These are amiable and Christian motives, and used to temper the performance of stern, imperative duty would indeed be valuable aids; but when they are substituted for that duty, and criminals are suffered to go at large, and scoundrels strut about unwhipped of justice, it becomes necessary to inquire why these things are so? Does this over-ruling charity extend to the poor villain as well as the rich rascal? We only ask for information! What authority constitutes the Prosecuting Officer Judge in advance? We only ask for information.

Judge Whitley, of Hoboken, has just issued a new weekly paper, called the *Circuit Judge and Hudson County Advertiser*, a continuation of his *Hoboken Gazette*. It is a well printed and dashing little sheet, full of spicy paragraphs, with a sensation story on the front page, by an eminent novelist, and some capital editorials on popular subjects. The Judge has evidently quite an array of talent engaged with him, and the *Circuit Judge* promises to create for itself a field in New York, and a wide influence in our sister State of Jersey.

The Patti Matinees drew all the fashionable people of the city, Brooklyn and the vicinity. The crush of crinolines was tremendous. Every seat was crowded; hundreds of ladies sought refuge in the amphitheatre, that choice place of observation for the blind and deaf, and hundreds stood during the performance. The gentlemen were very gallant. One elegantly costumed, white-kiddeled beau roamed through the streets in search of some seat for his lady. At length he observed a house where "moving" was going on, and his eyes flashed with delight as he saw an old washstand on the sidewalk. He proceeded at once to make a bargain, a silver coin changed hands, and our hero marched down Fourteenth street, grasping triumphantly his much-prized washstand!

Talking of the Patti matinees reminds us that the bewitching little Adeline Patti declares that she is a Yankee girl and no mistake; and vows, with her coral lips pouting and her dark eyes flashing, that she "will never marry an artist!" One of our most popular artists, who happened to overhear this heretical sentiment, in the precincts of the Academy, asked the young bewitcher if she intended to marry a "tobacco-chewer?" At this our Adeline pouted still

more, and her large eyes flashed fiercer, and she said, "I won't hear my countrymen mis-called, and if I do marry an American I shall have a man who owns no master!"

This was rather plucky for a little singer of seventeen. There is a prevailing on dit that this same artist has fallen a victim to the charms of one of our American belles, and the only condition which prevents his assuming the matrimonial bonds is that he must either give up public singing or the lady.

Personal.

Mrs. ANNE E. WILLIAMS, daughter of the late Chief Justice Oliver Ellsworth, of Connecticut, died last Sunday in Hartford. The Hartford *Courant* thus speaks of her: "Mrs. Williams was one of the few remaining links that connect the present generation with the era of George Washington. Being the eldest child of Oliver Ellsworth, she accompanied her father to Philadelphia in Washington's first term as President, and retained various souvenirs of the reception and parties given by Washington and his lady at the time when her father was representing this State as Senator in Congress from 1789 to 1796. She was born in August, 1774."

SIGNOR TOLEDO, Mora's late Minister of Foreign Affairs at Costa Rica, made his escape out of the country in a closed box, in charge of Mora's wife, who conducted the box and its contents safely to Punta Arenas, where the ex-Minister embarked on board of a sailing vessel to a port in Guatemala. Efforts were made by the military authority of Punta Arenas to detain the wife of the ex-President, but by the timely interposition of the acting British and American Consuls at that port she was permitted to embark on board the steamer Guatemala to join her husband.

We notice in the *Havre* papers that a Mr. Schaunpel has been sentenced to a heavy fine for counterfeiting the labels of Jules Mumm & Co. of Rheims, by which ingenious rascality he was enabled to palm off a chemical decoction made in Havre as the veritable Mumm. His plan was to have the labels printed in Basle, Switzerland, and sent to New York, where they were put on the bottles, which were shipped unlabelled to this country. We would caution all who wish to know what they drink against buying their favorite brands of any but the authorized agents.

The will of John Rose, in addition to the bequest of \$300,000 to the city of New York for the purpose of founding an agricultural school, donates \$3,000 to the town of Wethersfield, Conn., the native place of the donor, and \$2,000 to the town of Rocky Hill, Conn., on condition that these amounts be invested in farms for the benefit of the poor. \$5,000 is also donated to the Orphan Asylum of Charleston, S. C.

The persistent Frenchman, M. Bely, in a letter to the *Independence Belge*, insists upon it that he has not abandoned his idea, but that if it had not been for a great storm in the English Channel, already his *personnel, materiel, and vapours*, which may mean steamboats, air, vapor, would be in Nicaragua.

JARED E. CROCKER, a lawyer, of Norwich, Conn., and his brother, William D. Crocker, of the same place, are supposed to have been passengers on the Hungarian. They had been on a visit to Europe, to dispose of rights to use a patent cork-cutting machine.

The English papers notice the death, after a brief illness, of Robert Wyndham Fenwick, at Beckwith, Australia, on the 24th of November, only eight days after the shipwreck of the *Royal Charter*, whereby his wife and children all perished, while he could have had no idea of their untimely fate.

TURK lives in Cannon County, Tenn., Daniel Manus, aged eighty years, whose wife Mary is sixty-five years old. Mrs. Manus is the mother of fifteen children, thirteen sons, ten of whom are now living. They have sixty-five grandchildren, and seven great-grandchildren.

The Washington *Star* learns that Attorney-General Black is rapidly recovering from his recent indisposition, and hopes in a few days to be able to resume the duties of his official position.

DR. HIRSH HOMER, of Watertown, Mass., while approaching Boston in a chaise on Thursday last, was seized with paralysis, and it is feared he cannot survive. Dr. Homer is the father of the celebrated sculptress of that name, now practising her profession in the city of Rome.

On Friday last, Dr. George B. Winslow, of Boston, the lecturer on physical culture, lifted, with his hands, 1,336 pounds, and is quite sanguine that within twenty days he will be able to raise with ease 1,200 pounds.

MR. STEPHEN GARDNER, who died at Hingham, Mass., recently, has left a family consisting of thirteen children, fifty-nine grandchildren, and forty-nine great-grandchildren.

The Rev. W. G. BARBOCK, pastor of the Unitarian Church in South Natick, has been dismissed from his pastoral office in consequence of the active part he took in behalf of the "strikers" in that town.

The *Ballarat* (Australia) *Times* states that Miss Beverley has just walked 1,250 miles in 1,000 consecutive hours. She walked her last 11½ miles in 21 minutes and 40 seconds at almost a regular pace, with her body suitably thrown forward, but not bent, with a free motion of both hands and feet, and with no perceptible heaviness of step.

A FRENCH periodical states that a Prefect of Corsica, Monsieur Guibeya, having lately examined the registers of the town of Calvi, has discovered in them the record of the birth of Christopher Columbus, making him, consequently, a countryman of Napoleon.

The *New Haven Register* says that "Enrico Manwee, an Indian Princess of the Pishchagot tribe, died last week in Kent, Litchfield county, Conn., at the age of 103 years. Gideon Manwee, her father, is said to have been a good ruler, compelling the Indians to work and prohibiting drinking, a habit which is fatally fascinating to the Indian. They are said to have greatly prospered under his reign. On the death of Gideon the office of Chief became vacant, though Enrico inherited the blood and distinction of royalty. During the Revolution the tribe was quite numerous, furnishing a hundred warriors; now only nine families of half-breeds (about fifty in all) remain."

It is rumored that the President has prohibited the circulation of Whitley's *Circuit Judge* in Washington, as it might stop the public business in Congress. Helper's book has evidently made him nervous.

It is said that Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., the famous writer for the *Leipziger*, although now a staid man of family, was once violently in love with a beautiful Gipsy girl, whom he fell in with while on a hunting excursion in the woods of Maine, and that for a long time the strange creature retained a powerful influence over the handsome young man. This is supposed to be the origin of his story: "The Gipsy Daughter; or, the King and the Sorceress," the first chapter of which is in this week's *Leipziger*; and the tale, illustrating one of the strongest passions of his own life, surpasses in interest anything that he has before written. It is stated that the same singularly beautiful creature also attracted the attention of the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, when he was a boy.

DRAMA.

Winter Garden.—Short space is required to sum up the dramatic events of the past week, which, we may as well premise, have not been of a very startling description. Mrs. John Wood has made a success in the "Governor's Wife," which some of the papers call a new comedy. When we were a great many years younger than we are now, the "Governor's Wife" was a favorite Olympic piece, Letty Briggs having been personated, if we mistake not, by Mrs. Turner, Miss Clarke, Mary Taylor and Anna Cruise, successively and successfully, and we do not think that even at that period it was denominated a new comedy; nevertheless, we presume the play is new to a majority of theatre-goers; at all events Mrs. Wood and Mr. Jefferson render it uproariously funny, for which reason "Ivanhoe" is indefinitely postponed.

Laura Keene's.—Miss Keene announces the last nights of "Jeanie Deans," but is ominously silent as to the number thereof; the last week, or last month even, would be much more definite.

Niblo's Garden.—After a most successful though brief season, the Circus company vacate Niblo's, and Mr. and Mrs. Williams return to this establishment, much to the gratification of the Hibernian element of the population; we trust that Mr. Williams's health is completely restored.

Broadway Boudoir.—Mrs. Charles Howard, once a great favorite with New Yorkers, has leased the "Broadway Boudoir," No. 444 Broadway, and in conjunction with Mr. Watkins and a company gathered, we should judge, from the provinces, is playing quite an amusing and interesting dramatic version of Mrs. Southworth's story of the "Hidden Hand;" for the sake of old times, theatre-goers should pay her a visit.

New Bowers.—We looked in on Monday night at the "New Bowers," and found a large audience assembled to witness the first performance of Mr. Conway's Indian drama, called "Wi-com-i-keet," Mr. Neale playing the hero. Two acts were quite as much as we could endure, and the only criticism we shall offer is, to state that "Wi-com-i-keet" is even worse, both as a literary and dramatic production, than "Metamora." The *New Bowers* looks clean and brilliant, and we do not doubt earns and receives a large share of patronage from the Eastern portion of the city. One thing we can premise every visitor to this theatre, and that is, that they will be treated with uniform and unvarying politeness by every officer connected with the establishment; the chief usher (formerly of the Metropolitan) is especially noticed for his attention and courtesy to the audience.

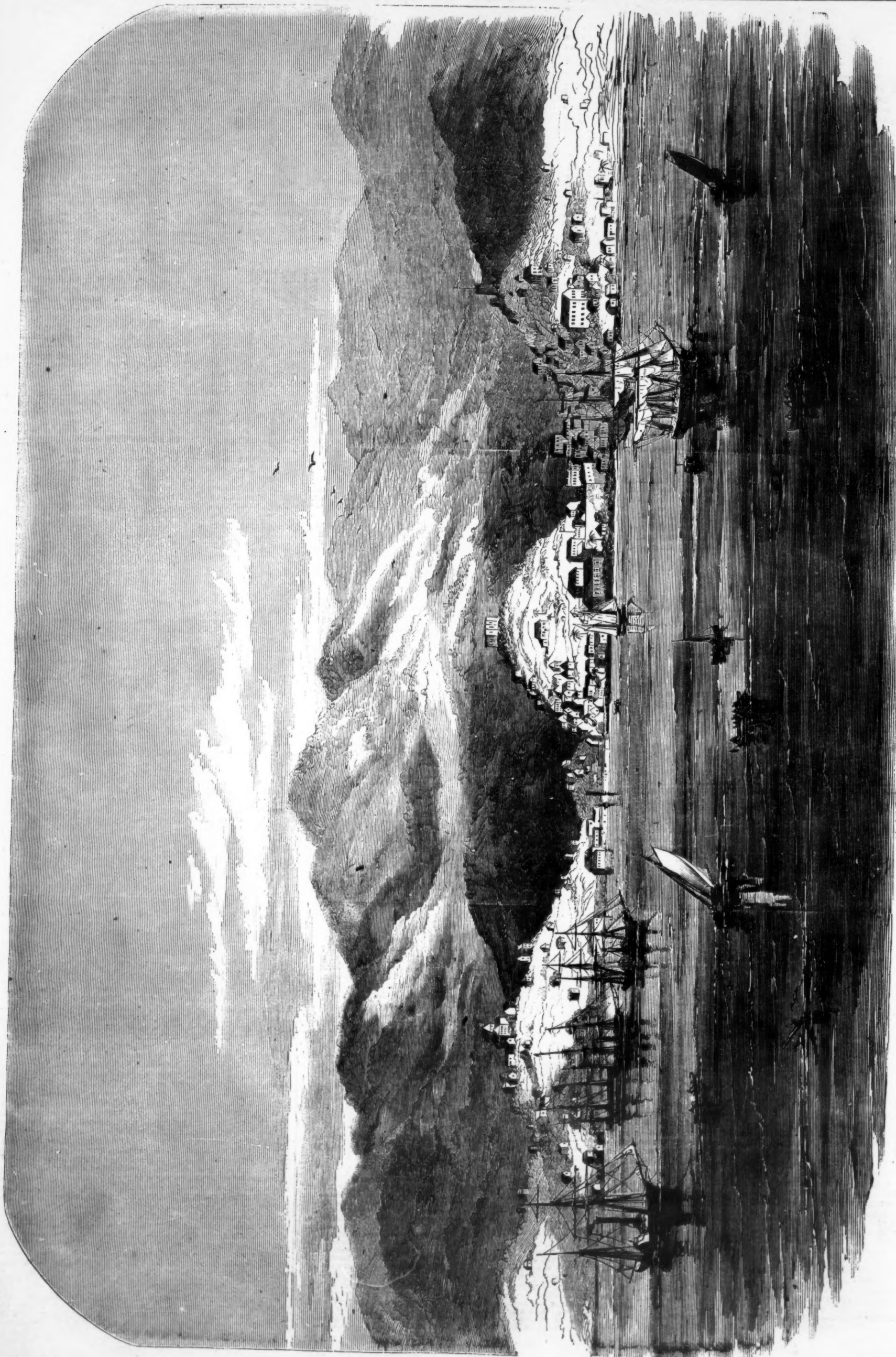
Barnum's Museum.—Our friend, the indefatigable Greenwood, ever on the look-out for novelties, has lately presented to the public inspection that connecting link between the man and the monkey, we do not mean a Broadway exquist, but a "What is it?" which, of course, everybody will go and see for themselves. He has also caught and caged a bear weighing 2,000 pounds, and a sea lion, remarkably fierce for an aquatic creature. Go and see these curiosities.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

In the case of young Lane, convicted of frauds upon the Fulton Bank, the verdict is three years and three months at hard labor in the State Prison. **Report** states that the Hon. John Hickman is in very feeble health, and that some doubts are entertained as to the probability of his being able to fulfil his duties in Congress. **John Bowen**, who killed a man in a larger beer saloon, was recently hung at Newcastle, Del. Before he died he confessed his crime and protested repentance, warning all who heard him against the first step to crime—drunkenness. **A Suicide** from unrequited love occurred recently in Georgetown, Ky., the victim being Mr. Thomas Lucas. **A Terrible** desolation occurred in the family of Mr. Mercer, of Waterloo, Seneca Co., on the 24th inst. Four of his children had died the same day from putrid sore throat. In Fond du Lac Co., Wis., a mammoth elk was killed lately, whose antlers measured over five feet and six prongs. On the 24th inst., a lady named Caroline Lilien Stehn, quarrelled with her husband and immediately after committed suicide. At Greenville, Conn., morals seem to rather loose.

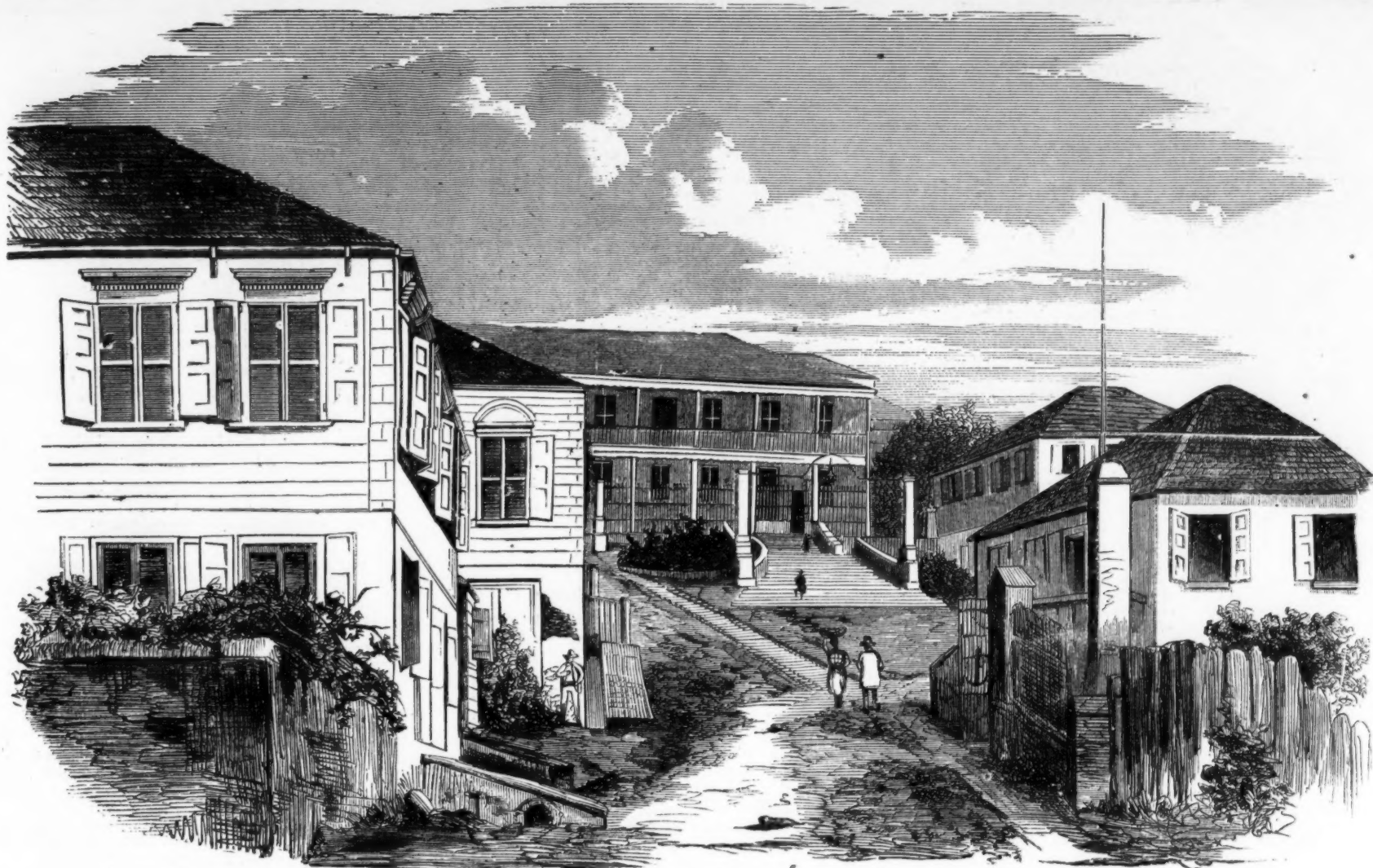
One gentleman, of hitherto unimpeachable character, has just ramosed after having been found out in paying those attentions to another woman which belonged legally to his wife; while a bolder if not a better man, found in the same peculiar position, scorned to fly, but stayed and paid the damages. **Whales** will soon be of no account whatever. Oil Springs have been discovered in Western Pennsylvania. The *Pittsburg Post* says, that hundreds of barrels have been sent there from that city to be filled with oil, and that thousands of gallons of the crude oil were received each week for refining. A large number of steam engines had also been sent for pumping purposes. The oil region was rapidly extending and new discoveries were daily being made. At Lebanon, Ohio, a man named Eli Stout was arrested for the murder of his wife, a few months since. The silly tattle of his child about "burning its mother," caused the arrest on suspicion and imprisonment. The lady, however, "turned up" last week, having been on a visit to friends in Kentucky. The steamboat Portsmouth, which left St. Joseph on the 20th, for Kansas City, struck a snag off Leavenworth, and sunk in twelve feet water. No lives were lost. The Cunard steamer Jura, from Liverpool on the 11th inst., put into New Bedford on the 26th, having on Thursday, the 23d, broke her engine off George's Shoal. She will await the arrival of a steamer to tow her to New York. A Fire broke out on the 26th, in Charleston, S. C., destroying the Canonsboro Rice Mill, with 5,000 bushels of rice. A Man named John Lore, at Mount Vernon, Ohio, went down a well by means of a rope to recover his hat which had fallen into it; the noxious gases overpowered him and he lost his hold and fell to the bottom. His rescue was attempted by a neighbor, but he was drawn up insensible. The unfortunate Lore was afterwards drawn up, quite dead. The Tennessee Legislature has passed a bill fixing the rate of interest at seven per cent., but allowing parties to purchase notes, which are made for the purpose of borrowing money at ten per cent., provided they agree upon that interest, and it is expressed in the instrument. **Casualties** by fire are fearfully increasing. An old lady in Washington, Mrs. Knott, was burned to death on the 24th, while warming some medicine for a sick grandchild. The daughter of Mr. James Mathewson, of Providence, R. I., was burned to death on the 24th, through igniting her clothes while playing with matches. A Young Lady, daughter of Mr. H. F. Heritage, of Mobile, Ala., was burned to death while endeavoring to extinguish some brushwood close by the house which had been set on fire by her little brother. She extinguished her flaming clothes at the spring, which she managed to reach, and crawled home, but only to die. The body of a beautiful and accomplished young woman of Rockland, Me., named Mary Cutler, was found near that place on the 21st, and on an inquest being had it transpired that she had become intoxicated, and had fallen and frozen to death on her way home. One of the few revolutionary soldiers still living resides at 138 Suffolk street, N. Y. If he lives until the 10th of May, he will be 108 years old. Isaac Daniels has been married three times, and eight children by his first wife are still living; the eldest, 80 and the youngest 56 years old. He enjoys excellent health, and is in full possession of his faculties. A Deacon, of Mount Carmel, Conn., named Dickerman, has just recovered one cent damages in an action of libel against his pastor. Three weeks were consumed in the trial, and the jury took one week to agree upon a verdict. **Jumping** on skates is no easy matter, but Mr. Fred. S. Lyon, formerly of New Jersey, jumped on skates on the ice at Cayuga bridge, nineteen feet and four inches by actual measurement. It is said that the brother of Mr. Keitt, member of Congress from South Carolina, was murdered in bed while suffering from sickness, by his negroes, at Filatka, where he resided. They nearly severed his head from his body. The Indians have a profound horror of cannibalism. At Dauphin River, a poor old sickly man was supposed, by his two sons-in-law, to evince a disposition to become a man-eater. There is a superstition among the Indians that a man eater becomes endowed with supernatural powers against which nothing earthly can prevail, so the sons-in-law murdered old Sochetacketa, before he became too powerful. They cut off his head and then burned his body to ashes. The New Bedford *Standard* relates at length the case of a young lady, Miss Louisa James, who had been confined to her bed by sickness for four months, the last two months having entirely lost the use of her limbs, having been restored to perfect health and the use of her limbs, by the prayers of the Rev. Joseph R. Bellows, of the New Advent persuasion. Miss James was persuaded that if the clergyman prayed for her she would recover. He visited her and offered up a fervent prayer for her recovery. At the commencement she was as cold as ice, but before the prayer was concluded, a gentle perspiration pervaded her whole body, and that night she slept well, and the next day rose without assistance and dressed herself, and the following Sunday went to church. She has enjoyed the most perfect health since that time. Both branches of the Common Council at Washington adopted, unanimously, a vote of thanks to the Seventh Regiment of New York, for their presence at the inauguration of Washington's Statue, on February 22d. They also voted them a stand of colors. Thirty thousand dollars' worth of diamonds have been stolen from the Bonded Warehouse, kept by Messrs. McIntire, Bixby & Co., where they had been placed for safe custody by the U. S. Marshal, who seized them as smuggled goods on board one of the Cunard steamers. The foreman, Michael Murphy, has disappeared, having disposed of all his horses and carts. He is strongly suspected, and his track is being hunted up. The cattle in Carson Valley, Cal., are dying by thousands from sheer starvation. The snow is rapidly disappearing, and the only hope of saving any of the cattle is the coming grass. A great many persons in Westport, Mass., have been very seriously affected after being inoculated from matter obtained from a Boston physician. One gentleman, Mr. Fletcher, died, his arm swelling up badly and mortification ensuing. The following persuasive matrimonial arguments were used lately by a young lady. She arrived at the town of Yates, in the Medina stage, went to the hotel and sent for a man named Horseman. He obeyed the summons, when she presented a revolver at his breast and asked him if he was ready to fulfil an engagement made by him to her in Michigan, a few years since. He yielded to the soft persuasion (she was very pretty, by-the-by), and they were forthwith married. The counsel of Stephens, condemned for complicity with Ossawatimie Brown, has gone to Richmond in the hope of procuring the pardon of his client. Mr. Sonnot carries with him very powerful letters. Mrs. Mary Dale, of Philadelphia, lately deceased, in her will bequeaths \$14,000 to James Baxter, a colored servant, who had been in the service of herself and husband for twenty-three years; the sum of \$1,500 to her waiting maid, and provides a trust fund to pay the board of her "old horse Sam," and the further sum of \$15 per month for taking care of the said horse. The sloop-of-war, Brooklyn, has been ordered home, so that the murder of the seaman Ritter may be thoroughly investigated. The Life Saving Benevolent Association of New York have presented medals to Edward R. Dusenberry, Alexander Shaw and David M. Dusenberry, in testimony of their courage and humanity. It will be remembered that these three young men saved, at great risk, the lives of two young ladies who, while bathing at Ravenswood, L. I., were carried by the tide far out of their depth. The testimonials were honorable to all parties. The verdict of the Coroner's jury in the case of the explosion at the hat factory of Messrs. Ames and Moulton, by which nine persons lost their lives, is, "that the accident was caused by a globe valve being shut by some person to the jury unknown, thereby cutting off communication with the safety valve." During the gale of the 22d the gable end of the Lutheran Church, West Brookfield, O., was forced in and the roof carried off. At the time a service was being held, the congregation numbering between three and four hundred. Fifteen persons were injured, four having fractured limbs. A most tragical event occurred lately at Columbus, Ohio. A son of the Rev. J. S. White, a boy of about eleven years, took up a gun and playfully pointed it at his brother, a little fellow aged six years. Horrible to relate, the gun went off, and shattered the little fellow's head so frightfully that he died instantly. The parents, as well as the accidental fratricide, are almost frantic with grief.

On Friday morning, a man named John Denlinger, employed in the coal mines of the Pittsburgh and Youghiogheny Coal Company, near Guffy's Station, was killed by the falling of an immense bank of "horseback" from the roof of the entry in which he was working. The handle of the pick with which he was working was driven through his body.



THE DANISH ISLAND OF ST. THOMAS, ONE OF THE WEST INDIAN GROUP IN THE CARIBBEAN SEA, LAT. 18 DEG. NORTH, LONG. 64 DEG. 30 MIN. WEST.

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GOVERNMENT HOUSE, SITUATED ON GENERAL HILL, OVERLOOKING THE CITY OF ST. THOMAS.

ST. THOMAS,
A Danish West India Island.

THE report prevalent in Europe that the United States had purchased the Island of St. Thomas of the Danish Government, has induced us to give a most beautiful panoramic view of its chief town. We rather suspect, however, that the rumor will resolve itself into the fact of our having a coaling station.

The coup d'œil from which the accompanying sketch is taken comprises one of the most magnificent views in the West Indies. A beautiful though not extensive harbor studded with vessels of all nations, the bold precipitous mountains rising abruptly from the water's edge at either side, and the neatness of the buildings, jutting one above the other like the seats of an amphitheatre, form a sort of panoramic view not easily surpassed. The island has a rugged and elevated surface, which attains its greatest height towards the centre, and descends gradually but often abruptly to the

shore. It was once well wooded, but is now almost entirely divested of timber, and from this cause suffers much from a deficiency of rain. The barrenness of its soil, too—except the plateaux, which are here and there interspersed along its margin—renders it unfit for cultivation, and makes it almost entirely dependent on Porto Rico, Santa Cruz and other adjoining islands for even the common necessities of life. A large number of islets and keys lie around its shore, and form a pleasing contrast with the boldness of the island itself.

From the number of vessels in distress from all parts of the world that seek shelter there, St. Thomas may be appropriately styled the great ship asylum of the Caribbean Sea, the *statio-bene-fide-carinis* of the West Indies. This is owing partly to the safety of the harbor itself and partly but principally to the steady easterly trade winds which make the harbor so easy of access to vessels disabled at sea. The harbor and town lie about midway of the island on the southern side. The anchorage is very extensive and secure, and the opening

seaward only about three-quarters of a mile wide. The town lies around the north side of the harbor, forming with it a kind of elliptical curve; it contains many substantial stores and dwellings, and a few excellent hotels, where high living can be obtained at high prices. Here centres a large trade, fostered by the freedom of the port. At present the value of goods imported into St. Thomas is estimated at five millions of dollars, one-half of which probably are brought from England, a fifth from the United States, and the remaining portion from France and other European countries. About two-fifths of these imports are sent to Porto Rico, and the remaining three-fifths to San Domingo, Venezuela, New Granada, Curacao and the Windward Islands. The number of vessels arriving annually is set down at two thousand, having an average of two hundred and forty thousand tons. This does not include the tonnage of the British mail steamers, which entering amounts to about forty-two thousand tons annually.

The Island of St. Thomas, as well as those of Santa Cruz and St.



THE PORT AND HARBOR OF ST. THOMAS.

John, with their dependencies, belong to the Virgin group and comprise the West India possessions of Denmark. They lie centrally in lat. 18 deg. North and long. 64 deg. 30 min. West. St. Thomas contains an area of twenty-seven square miles and a population of about thirteen thousand inhabitants. The town itself has a population exceeding twelve thousand.

St. Thomas was settled by the Danish West India and Guinea Company in 1671. In 1775 the Company's rights were conveyed to the King, who in 1764 threw open the port to vessels of all nations. This policy and the general neutrality observed by Denmark in the wars of Europe, concurred in fostering its commerce, although much is due to its admirable geographical position; and accordingly it became a chief market, and in time of war the only channel through which the products of all the West India Colonies could be safely conveyed.

A short interruption to its prospects occurred in 1801, when the island was given up to the British, who held it, however, for only a year. Early in 1802 it was restored to Denmark, and resumed all its former activity. In 1804, and again in 1806, immense losses in merchandise and other property were occasioned by fires in the town. In 1807 it was again, by capitulation, transferred to England, and by her retained until 1815, when Denmark once more became possessor of the island.

The rich and varied products of the West Indies, and the very singular forms of society existing in them, have rendered them in modern times peculiarly interesting. Geographers have distinguished these islands into three arbitrary groups, viz., the Lucayas or Bahama Islands, the greater and lesser Antilles or Caribbean Islands. The climate in general is genial and agreeable, free alike from the parching heat of the tropics and the low humid temperature so inseparable from more northern regions. The greater Antilles extend from the Gulf of Mexico eastward toward the Atlantic Ocean. The lesser Antilles or Caribbean Islands form a long chain extending in a curved line from Porto Rico to the Gulf of Paria. These are generally called the Windward Islands. A smaller and more scattered group, extending along the coast of Venezuela, is contradistinguished as the Leeward Islands.

The original inhabitants of these islands have long been extinct, except a remnant which still exists on the Islands of St. Vincent and Trinidad. When discovered a dense population covered these prolific regions, but the barbarities of the Europeans in a short time destroyed these unhappy people, supplying their places with the no less unhappy African. The present population is composed of Europeans and their descendants, of the African races, and of mixed races springing from a heterogeneous *mélange* of all races. The latter are of every variety of complexion and color, variously classed as mulattoes, quadroons, &c., according to the preponderance of caste.

The streets of St. Thomas to a stranger present not at all an unattractive appearance. Hundreds of neatly, if not elegantly dressed mulattoes, Spaniards, &c., are hourly to be seen either promenading its principal avenue—*Kronningen Gade*—(King street), or leisurely reclining in the saloons, sipping the delicious sherry cobbler or iced lemonade with all the *négligé* of a Broadway gallant.

Nor are the ladies at all timid in exhibiting themselves to public gaze; they too might be observed principally about sunset sweeping along the pave with as brilliant a show of jewellery and crinoline as ample and costly as most of the belles of Fifth avenue.

The streets in general are kept scrupulously clean, and the aromatic odors that assail one's olfactory nerves from the various tropical fruits growing around, and for sale in the streets, are a joy for ever.

Tropical plants and exotics are profusely scattered around and readily cultivated in the gardens, and here and there along the streets. All the beauties which Nature has lavished on the equinoctial world are here displayed in their fairest and most majestic forms, giving St. Thomas a beautiful and picturesque appearance rarely surpassed in the West Indies.

THE MYSTERY;

OR, THE

GIPSY GIRL OF KOTSWOLD.

A ROMANCE BY J. F. SMITH.

Author of "Substance and Shadow," "Smiles and Tears," "Dick Tarleton," "Phases of Life," &c.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Ox reaching home, our hero read in the countenance of Mrs. Dalton that something unpleasant had occurred, but forbore to ask an explanation in the presence of his cousin and her governess. Towards the last named personage the vague feeling of dislike which, from boyhood, he had entertained, now amounted to positive aversion. The Frenchwoman also appeared anything but at ease in his presence: from time to time he detected her eyes fixed furtively upon him with an inquiring expression.

"You have heard from my father?" he said, as soon as she had withdrawn with her pupil, who remonstrated with her usual impetuosity against being sent to bed so early.

His aunt drew a letter from her bosom and placed it in his hand. Oliver felt slightly nervous as he broke the seal. It was the reply to one he had written, explaining his motives for not joining the Agamemnon, and entreating the captain's sanction to his endeavours to clear the fame of his mother.

The answer ran thus: "Your aunt has acted most unwisely in informing you of the existence of one whom it is better you should forget. I am not angry, but pained, by the desire you have expressed of throwing away the prospects of an honorable career, in pursuit of a chimera; for, alas! not the slightest doubt exists of the fatal act which brought disgrace upon our name.

"Think well before you decide. I will neither assist nor sanction the quixotic task, which you say you feel yourself called upon to devote yourself to. Neither do I positively forbid it, for disobedience to the commands of one who has, I trust, ever proved himself an affectionate and indulgent parent, would separate us for ever.

"In making this concession I feel that I am guilty of a weakness I cannot justify. It is my affection to you, not to my reason. Do not keep me in suspense, but let me know your decision at once."

After twice perusing the letter, the youth handed it to Mrs. Dalton.

"Oliver, dear Oliver," said the lady, "I cannot tell you how inexpressibly pained I feel when I contemplate the bare possibility of an estrangement between you and your father."

Her nephew made no reply.

"In a few years," continued the speaker, "you will be of age, and not only legally, but morally your own master. Postpone the enterprise you have so much at heart till then."

"Not a day longer than is necessary to make my arrangements," answered the youth, calmly. "It would be cowardly—base! I should feel myself abetting my wronged mother's slanderer by my silence. Where else can she look for a defender if not in her own son? Who will proclaim her innocence if he continues dumb? I hear a voice in the still hours of night, behold eyes full of love and trustfulness beaming on me in my dreams—both urge me to proceed. It is my duty; my heart tells me so, reason confirms it, nature asserts it in the strong hope, the conviction of success.

Yes," he continued, "I shall rend the mask from this most hideous lie, which looks like truth to undiscerning minds, and expose it to the world a loathsome, execrated thing, in all its foul depravity."

"You have also a duty to your father," observed his relative, with difficulty repressing her tears.

"I shall show it by convincing him of his error, aunt."

Mrs. Dalton shook her head despairingly, not that she doubted the innocence of her friend, but the deep-rooted conviction of her brother of his wife's unworthiness—a conviction which she well knew no moral proofs to the contrary would ever shake.

"Yet, my dear boy, reflect," she exclaimed, imploringly; "for all our sakes reflect."

"Not even your entreaties can shake me," interrupted our hero. "You forget it is my mother—the authoress of my being, whose bosom pillow my infant head, whose arms enfolded me, whose lips bestowed the first blessing and first kiss—it is her honor I am called upon to vindicate. Can there be a cause more sacred? Were I stricken with blindness—palsy," he continued, with increasing vehemence, "God would give me strength, and guide me in the task."

"Oliver!" "Not another word, madame, unless to approve my decision. There are moments in our lives when the heart is a safer guide than reason, and this is one of them. Do not pain me," he added, "by forcing me to refuse to listen to you."

"Why, then, God bless and prosper you in your enterprise, my noble boy!" said the lady, deeply moved. "I, too, am a mother, and know the priceless value of a love like yours. The decision of your father must necessarily embarrass your proceedings, for I know him too well to hope for his assistance."

"I shall never ask it," observed the youth, in a tone of sadness rather than of bitterness.

"My means," resumed Mrs. Dalton, "are not very ample; but they more than suffice for my wants; and, in such a cause, economy—even privation—would be a pleasure. I need not say that you may command them."

"For the first time in my life," exclaimed Oliver, "I feel a desire to be rich. I will not draw upon your resources, dearest aunt, but at the last extremity, I have a friend who, if I rightly judge him, will readily assist me."

"A friend?"

"Yes; Phil's guardian, Mr. Compton."

"And will you ask him?"

"No," replied our hero; "I cannot condescend to that, but I can state to him my difficulty; if the knowledge of it does not elicit an offer of serving me, a request would meet with a refusal. I shall visit him at once."

"You are fatigued with your journey—a little rest," said his relative, anxiously.

"Rest," repeated Oliver. "Ah! you little know the impatience that consumes me. I have heard my mother branded as a thief; had a man uttered the hateful slander, I would have torn the tongue from his lying throat; but it was a woman, and I endured the insult, which left the word a burning memory both in my heart and brain."

"A woman!" said Mrs. Dalton; "who could have been so heartlessly cruel?"

"The housekeeper at Rockingham Hall, a malicious and hateful hag, who appears never to have had but one virtue—fidelity to her former mistress."

"You speak of Mrs. Daws."

"You know her, aunt?"

"She was Lady Vavasour's waiting-maid, and her spy upon her ward."

"Perhaps, then, you can explain why, on hearing the name of Isabel's governess, whom, despite your good opinion of her, I suspect to have been no friend to my dear mother, terror overcame and rendered her senseless."

"Great jealousy existed between them," replied his aunt. "It was even said that the housekeeper tried to poison mademoiselle at the instigation of her mistress, but the accusation must have been false."

"And why should she have attempted so useless a crime?" inquired her hearer.

"The motive was a supposed attachment between Sir Cuthbert Vavasour and the governess, which her ladyship disapproved of. Your dear mother never believed in it, and continued her confidence in mademoiselle to the last. She resided with her after her marriage."

"Up to the time of—of—"

Oliver could not bring himself to complete the sentence.

"Yes," said Mrs. Dalton, who perfectly understood him.

"My dislike to mademoiselle may not be so unreasonable as you suspect," he exclaimed. "Those who most hated my parent must have had some devoted agent about her person to work her ruin."

"Oliver, you are unjust."

"If my suspicions wrong her I will atone for them," replied the youth. "I am too much agitated to reflect calmly now. My first step must be to see Mr. Compton. If he should fail me—"

His aunt held out her hand to him.

Our hero understood the action and the offer it implied. Pressing it to his lips he quitted the apartment, and shortly afterwards left the house to seek the broker in the city.

Mrs. Dalton seated herself at the table, and commenced writing. "It will rejoice the heart of my unhappy friend," she murmured, "to know that she has such a son."

On reaching Mark lane, our hero shook hands with Randal, whom he found promoted to a desk with the senior clerks, and passed into the private office of his employer, who received him with his usual cordiality. John Compton saw by the countenance of his visitor that he had something important to communicate.

"What is it?" he asked. "There need be no hesitation between us."

"Thank you," said Oliver. "I wish to consult you."

"About Phil?"

"No, on my own affairs."

"I am not less interested in them," observed the man of business.

"In three minutes I am at your service."

Within the time specified the speaker had read two letters from his correspondents, signed several bills, which he gave to one of the clerks, with orders that he was not to be interrupted by any one.

"Now, then, my dear boy, I am ready to listen to you."

Our hero related to him the sad story of his mother's life—the conduct of his father in separating from her—his own strong conviction of her innocence, and determination to devote himself to the one great object of clearing her fame, instead of proceeding to join the Agamemnon at Malta.

When he had concluded, to his great mortification and surprise, John Compton made no reply, but sat with his head buried in his hands, profoundly reflecting on what he had heard.

"Does he imagine I am about to ask his assistance?" thought Oliver Brandreth, and his countenance flushed at the suggestion.

The broker looked up and read what was passing in his mind.

"It is not the money," he quietly observed, at the same time extending his hand to him; "that you are heartily welcome to; but I have been debating with myself how far I shall be justified in aiding a son to run counter to the wishes of his father. It is a serious question," he added, "and not to be lightly answered."

These words proved a great relief to his visitor, who would have felt more hurt than disappointed had John Compton failed him.

"You say that the captain refuses to assist your project?"

"He does, sir."

"But at the same time does not absolutely forbid it?"

Our hero answered his question by placing the letter he had just received in his hands.

The broker read it over carefully.

"Humph! neither business-like nor kind!" he muttered by way of commentary. "I remember Major Henderson telling me that he never approved the conduct of your father in this unhappy affair, in which he displayed too nice a sense of honor, and too little common sense. Oliver Brandreth," said the old man, speaking with great deliberation, "my mind is made up. Your purpose is a noble one, and God will prosper it. You may command the time, influence and experience of John Compton. His money," he added, "as a matter of course, is included in the offer, to any extent."

With a delicacy few, perhaps, would have given him credit for, the speaker turned aside not to witness the grateful tears that started in the eyes of his visitor.

"I had some thoughts of writing to your father," he resumed, after a pause, "to allow Phil to accompany you in your cruise, but this new project has changed my plans. What is it you propose?"

"To visit Italy, sir."

"Ah!"

"Hunt out Sir Cuthbert Vavasour, and force him to do justice to the victim he has so foully wronged."

"Fair and softly; not so fast, young gentleman!" exclaimed the more experienced man of the world. "What proofs have you that he is in any way cognizant of the affair?"

"My heart tells me that he is," replied our hero; "his life confirms it. Why does he hide himself in a foreign land—keeping his residence a secret? You will tell me, perhaps, because he is poor; but poverty is not a crime."

"Decidedly like one, in the eyes of most persons," drily observed the broker. "But never mind that now—money, as you will one day discover, is not a thing to be despised. I promised you the

benefit of my experience, and you shall have it—give me a few days to mature my project. Sir Cuthbert was to have been married to your mother!"

"I have heard so, sir."

"And her fortune would have cleared his estates? Possibly, after all, your suspicion may not be without some foundation; but remember it is only a suspicion at present, so you must act cautiously. By-the-by, what was the name of the jeweller who—you understand me?"

"Masters, sir," answered Oliver, coloring deeply.

John Compton made a memorandum of the name.

"And he resides at—"

"Bath, sir."

"That will do," said the broker, writing it down; "and now, my dear boy, come to me again in a few days, and you shall find everything arranged for your journey. Probably it will not be made alone?"

"Phil!" exclaimed the delighted youth.

"How you jump at conclusions," observed John Compton, pleased at the feeling of friendship for his ward the eagerness of Oliver betrayed. "Well, there, perhaps, yes," he added, struck by the look of disappointment the doubt of his intentions conveyed.

"Remember, not a word of our conversation."

"Doubt not my prudence, sir."

"That is the only thing I do or ever shall doubt respecting you," replied the old man, kindly; "therefore, to set my mind at ease, you must promise me. I can trust to that."

The pledge was given and his visitor took his leave, highly gratified with the result of his interview.

Strange that the man of business, whose life had been passed in the absorbing mysteries of trade, should have understood him better than his father did.

Three days afterwards, the hero of our tale received a letter from the head of the great banking firm of Cent & Co., requesting that Mr. Brandreth, Jr., would call at their offices at eleven the following morning on important and private business.

A few months previously, Oliver would have smiled at the formal prefix of "Mr." to his name, for, in years, he was still a boy; now, however, he passed it unnoticed, as a matter of course. The knowledge of his parent's wrongs had made him a man.

All he could learn from his aunt, to whom he showed the communication, was, that Cent and Co. were Mrs. Brandreth's bankers.

With a beating heart he presented himself at the hour appointed, and was ushered into a private room, where Josiah Cent, the senior partner, received him. A sigh of disappointment escaped our hero when he found that they were alone. He had hoped—almost expected—to behold his mother.

The banker pointed to a chair in front of a large screen, carefully placed so as to exclude all draughts except negotiable ones.

"Perhaps, young gentleman," said the head of the firm, "you are aware that we have long been honored with the confidence of Mrs. Captain Brandreth?"

"My relative, Mrs. Dalton, informed me of the fact," replied his visitor. "Alas! it is only within these few days I was made aware of her existence—the sad story of her wrongs and sufferings."

Something very like a suppressed sob came from behind the screen, but a sudden fit of coughing that seized the banker prevented his visitor from noticing it.

"She has heard of your filial resolution to vindicate her name, and it has filled her heart with pleasure. We are instructed by our respected client to place at your disposal such means as may, at least, assist you in your task. You are at liberty to draw upon us."

"Not a shilling—not a penny!" interrupted the youth.

"Perhaps you are not aware," observed Mr. Cent, in a business-like tone, "that your parent is rich?"

"A friend—a matchless friend—has rendered it unnecessary," said Oliver. "It is my mother's blessing, her love that I would win, and not her wealth. Oh, sir!" he continued, "give me the opportunity of beholding her, of drying her tears—of proving that one heart exists which never doubted her innocence of the foul charge, too monstrous for belief."

"I cannot do that," answered the gentleman. "Mrs. Brandreth has firmly resolved never to make herself known to any of her family until her reputation be cleared of the disgraceful stain which for so many years has tarnished it. I am sorry to refuse you, but my instructions are imperative. Have you any objection," he added, "to favor me with the name of the friend who has so generously assisted you?"

"My word is pledged to keep it secret," was the reply.

"At least, you will promise me," said the banker, "that, should necessity arise, you will draw upon the credit placed at your disposal."

"No!"

"This refusal will add to your mother's sorrow."

"Then, I consent," answered Oliver. "Ah! what would I not endure rather than cause one tear from her who has shed so many already."

"I have now," resumed Mr. Cent, "to deliver this packet. It contains a narrative, written by Mrs. Brandreth, of the painful circumstances, to which I need not more particularly allude. It was her original intention that it should be placed in your hands only in the event of her death. The resolution you have taken has induced her to change it."

Our hero seized it eagerly, and pressed the address to his lips.

"This estrangement wrings my heart!" he exclaimed. "It is cruel—unjust to herself and to her son. Did she but know how, in childhood, I envied my young companions blessed with a mother's love, a mother's care—how I pined in the belief that Heaven had deprived me of mine—how often in my cot, morning and night, I prayed for her, nature would plead with resistless eloquence within her breast, and win for me her blessing!"

As Oliver uttered these impassioned words, a female figure, pale, wan and statue-like—which, during the interview, had stood behind the screen, drinking with eager ears each word he uttered—sank upon her knees, and silently implored a mother's blessing on his head.

"I will repeat, word for word," said the banker, in the same dry, business-like tone in which he had hitherto conversed, "all that you have urged; and should my respected client change her decision—"

He paused, as if expecting some one to finish the sentence for him; but Mrs. Brandreth, with a last look at her son, glided out of room, fearing to trust her resolution further.

"I will communicate it to you," added the speaker, whose countenance never changed or evinced either surprise or disappointment.

Convinced that all further entreaties would be thrown away, Oliver took his leave, and hastened home to peruse the first communication he had ever received from his long-sorrowing parent.

CHAPTER XXVII.

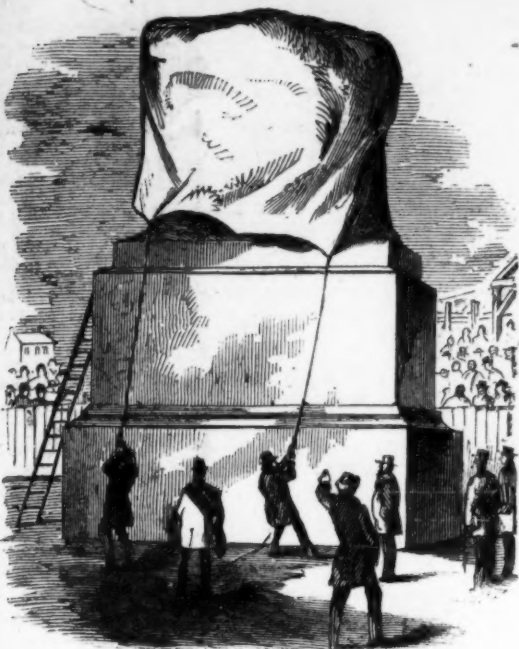
It was in the retirement of his chamber, the door locked against all intrusion, that Oliver Brandreth broke the seal of the packet the banker had given him. No wonder his hand trembled; it was the first communication he had ever received from his mother, so long believed dead; it was her history he was about to read—it was between her and his father he was about to judge.

There were several envelopes; the first contained a slip of paper with the following lines:

"It was my intention that the inclosed memoir should not be placed in your hands till death had terminated my sad and lonely existence. The noble resolution you have taken, the filial love you have shown in devoting yourself to clear the fame of your unhappy parent, has induced me to change my determination. For the first time for years a ray of hope has entered my soul. Great actions are never instilled into the human mind; they are intuitive, planted by God for His own wise purposes. May He protect and guide you in your enterprise—confirm the blessing which gushes with unutterable tenderness from your mother's heart, but which you will never hear her lips pronounce till she can meet you without a doubt, a cloud, to mar the sunshine of her joy. It would kill me, Oliver, to read mistrust in the eyes of my son—to know that he blushed when his mother's name was spoken. Never! never!"

"Should the happiness I have wept and prayed for, through long years of anguish, be denied me, and death release me from my sufferings before the accomplishment of your task, do not abandon it, the truth must one day appear, and it will be sweet to die with the assurance that the child of my love, my boy, my only hope and stay, will one day point with pride to his mother's grave."

"I speak not of your father. When the horrid mystery is cleared and my innocence made known, my memory will avenge me."

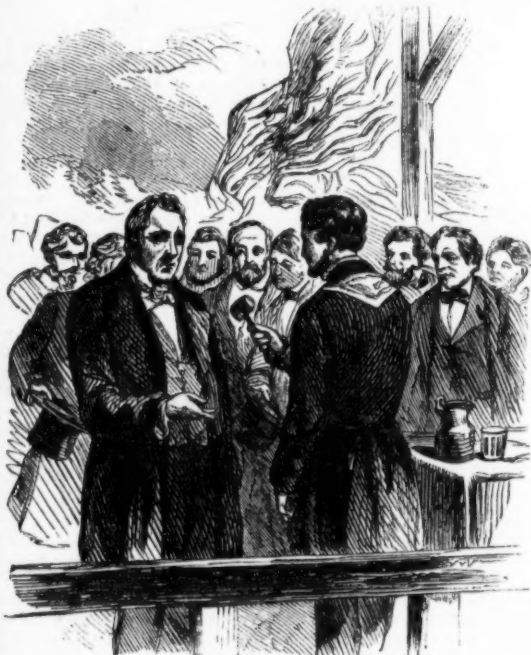


UNVEILING THE STATUE OF WASHINGTON, FEB. 22, 1860.

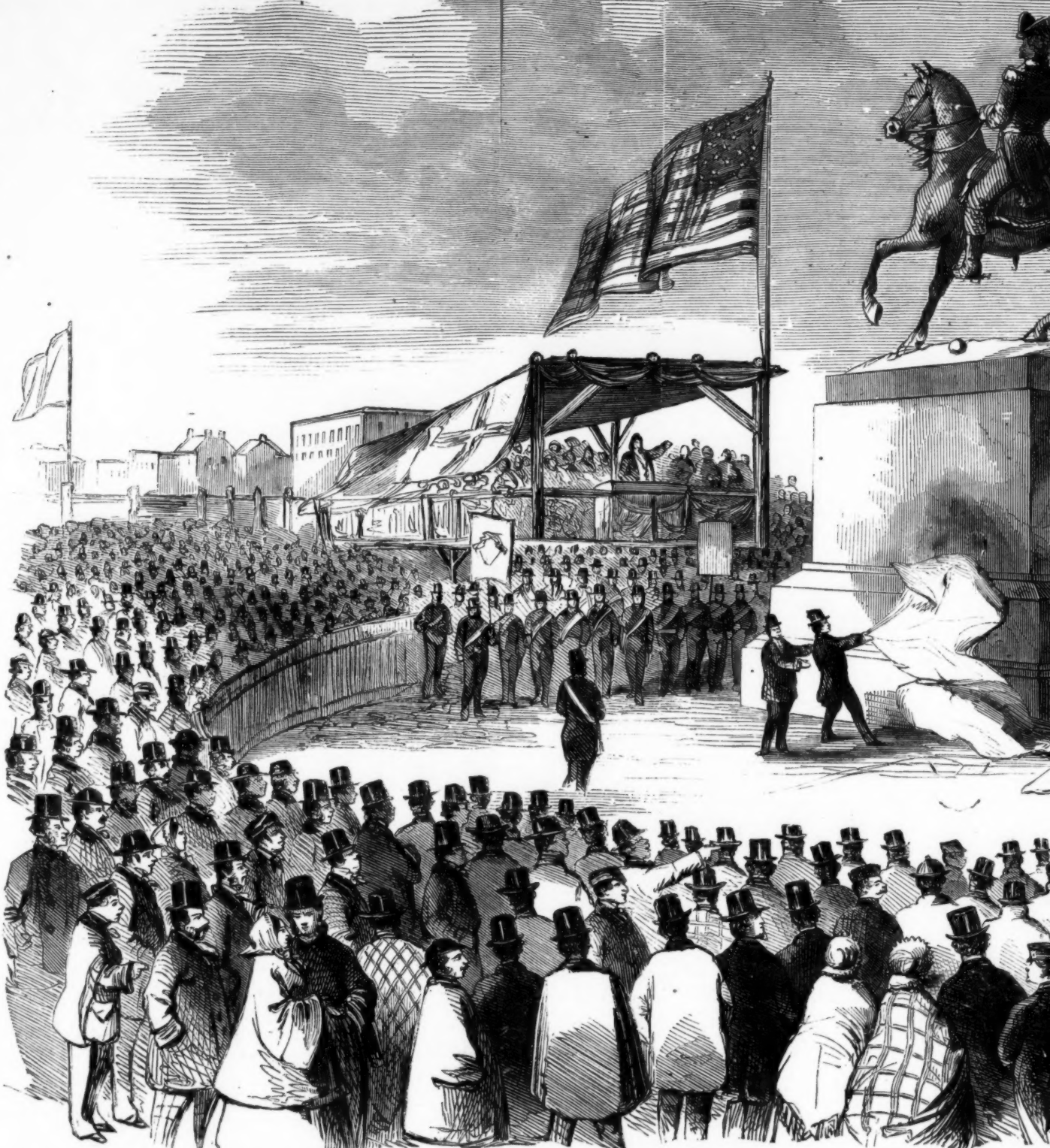
INCIDENTS OF A TOUR TO WASHINGTON. The Inauguration of the Washington Statue.

[BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT]

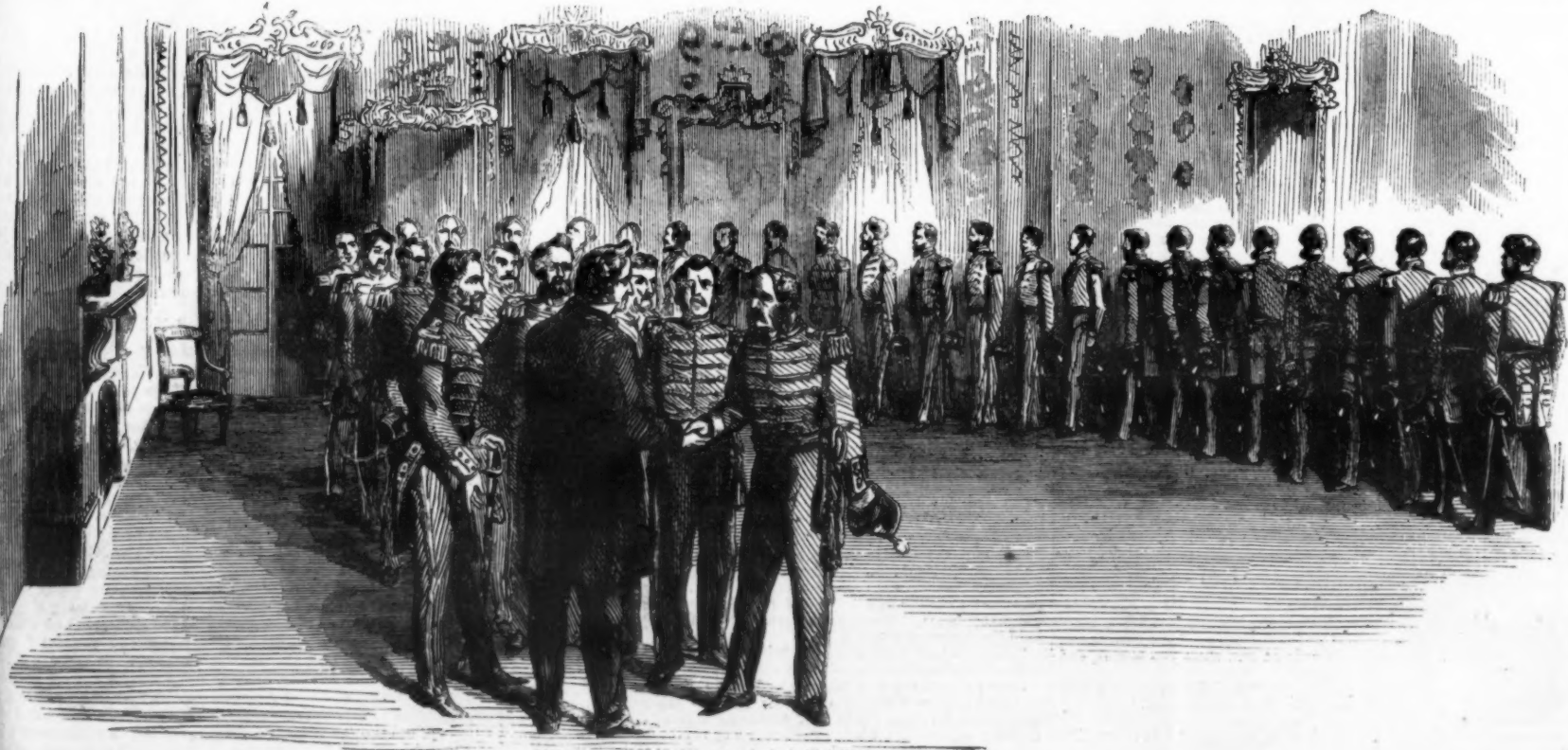
The invitation to the National Guard—the announcement that Congress had appropriated ten thousand dollars to defray the necessary expenses attendant upon the inauguration of Millie's statue of Washington, was received everywhere with delight. The reason of this manifestation of rejoicing was attributable to the fact that the National Guard of New York were to be invited. By the urgent request of the Committee having charge of the arrangements together with those of the President and Cabinet, all of whom expressed the idea of a princely reception, the Hon. John Cochrane



PRESIDENT BUCHANAN RECEIVING THE GAVEL FROM GEORGE C. WHITNEY, GRAND MASTER OF THE GRAND LODGE OF THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.



INAUGURATION OF CLARK MILLS'S STATUE OF WASHINGTON ON THE 22ND OF FEBRUARY, 1860, IN WASHINGTON CITY—ON THE DAY OF THE INAUGURATION—THE ORATOR'S STAGE.



INTRODUCTION TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE OFFICERS OF THE SEVENTH REGIMENT, AT THE WHITE HOUSE, FEB. 28, 1860.

telegraphed to the regiment, and then read the invitation.

Arrival of the Seventh Regiment.

The Committee of Arrangements of Washington had five days of preparation after the appropriation of the 22d February was enough to open the ardor of any individual, how enthusiastic he might be. In torrents; the mud was not only like Spalding's Glue, it adhered to in the most determined manner. The of Washington had not the temerity, the brave Washington battalion shelter in the restaurants and while the Sub-Committees were themselves in hotel parlors with ten dollars all unspent.

At noon the train conveying the Seventh arrived, and in a few minutes were formed in line, the Baltimore Guard preceding them. What was the astonishment of the officers to discover no Committee to receive them; found, nor a solitary soldier! "cheering," so beautifully described in the Washington papers, emanated from a motley crowd of cabmen, newspapermen and baggage-men from the hotel. "Carriage, sir!" "Carriage, sir!" was heard they heard. Into the mud! A solitary horseman was seen in the distance, he was advancing towards the halted, and with a wave of the arm he bid the Colonel of the Seventh. Who he was or where he went must ever remain a matter of matter to all that band who followed him. But we will not describe all the scenes through which the Nation went. One thing is certain, it was through the mud!



WASHINGTON CITY—VIEW OF THE STATUE AS IT NOW APPEARS, TOGETHER WITH THE ARRANGEMENTS OF THE GROUND FOR THE PRESIDENT—THE MASONIC BODY, &c.

regiment, and they accept-

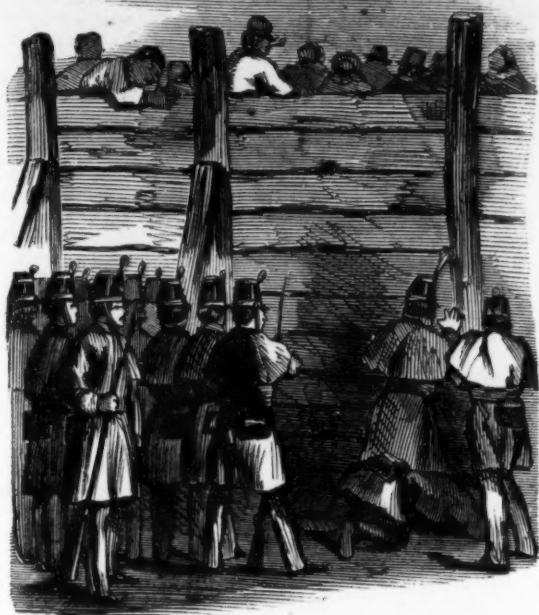
the Seventh Regiment.

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Into the mud they went.
an was seen in the dis-
ancing towards them; he
a wave of the arm superb
of the Seventh follow.
here he went afterwards
matter of matter of doubt
who followed his bidding.
describe all the ridiculous
hich the National Guard
is certain, they went



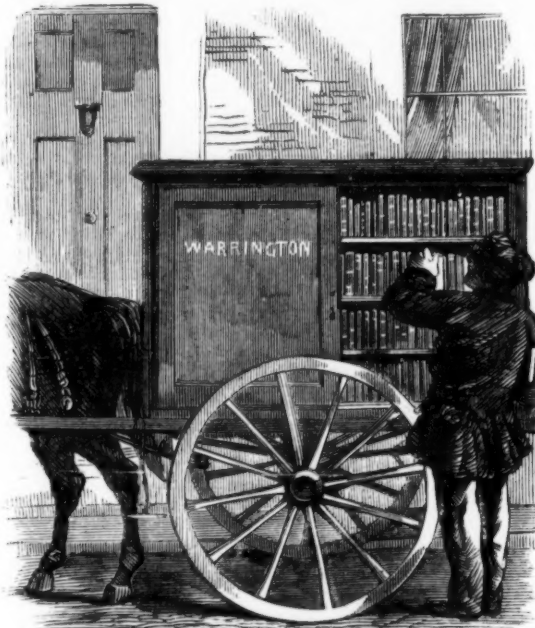
MISS LANE'S LATE RECEPTION AT THE WHITE HOUSE.



THE SEVENTH REGIMENT AS IT APPEARED OUTSIDE THE BARRIER ON THE DAY OF THE INAUGURATION.

Reception by the Mayor.

At last the various troops were drawn up in line in front of the City Hall, when the scene was peculiarly imposing. There was cavalry from Virginia, all mounted on splendid horses; then the Baltimore City Guard, to the number of one hundred and seventy; besides Marines and Volunteers, in all the various uniforms that could be conceived of; and, lastly, the National Guard, in one long, unbroken front. The clouds were passing away from the sky, and a gleam of sunshine glistened on the polished bayonets and sabres of the two thousand troops. This somewhat cheered the spirits of the men, and when the order was again given to march they pushed onward through the mud in regular and perfect order.



WARRINGTON MECHANICS INSTITUTE PERAMBULATING LIBRARY, LANCASHIRE, ENGLAND—SEE PAGE 232.

The Breakfast.

But now came another unpleasant ordeal. The breakfast, which had been prepared at six in the morning, had long since grown cold, and the strangers in town had kindly partaken of all they could lay their hands on. For nearly twenty-four hours the troops had had nothing to eat, with the exception of a few crackers. What a frenzied rush they made upon the table; forks and knives were forgotten, hands grasped everything, and in less time than it takes us to describe it, everything eatable had disappeared. Still the boys were in good spirits, though wet, hungry and muddy.

The Inauguration of the Statue.

In line again, but we must precede them, for we have an invitation upon the stand. Here we found the President and some of his Cabinet; there was General Cass, sitting quietly with his head bent down, and his eyes shut as if in a comatose condition; next to him was Secretary Toucey, head erect and arms folded, and by the expression of his face manifesting a knowledge of his own importance. On the same bench sat Colonel Washington, a representative of the Washington family, and who, it will be remembered, was one of John Brown's prisoners. Then there was General Jessup and a crowd of officers of the army, besides Senators and members of Congress; a few correspondents of newspapers completed the group.

The stand was decorated with flags of all nations; in front an amphitheatre had been erected; in the centre was the statue, covered with canvas. On the outer circle of the iron railing surrounding the square an immense crowd of citizens and strangers were congregated. Soon the enlivening strains of the Seventh Regiment's band was heard, and far down the broad avenue we could see a solid body of men advancing. First came the President's Guard, mounted; then followed the orator, Mr. Bockock, and the sculptor, Clark Mills. Then came a large body of United States marines; next the City Guard of Baltimore; then followed various other troops and the Masons, and behind all the National Guard. Upon the arrival of the troops they were stationed around the outer railing, in the middle of the mud, of which there was a plentiful supply. Not an officer of the Seventh was invited or appeared upon the stand, nor did any member of the regiment hear a single word of the oration. As soon as the orator commenced, all the ragamuffins and negroes rushed into the amphitheatre and filled all the seats. This was the spot which should have been selected for the troops, for it would not only have afforded them an opportunity of hearing the different orations, but it would have lent dignity to the scene, and made it imposing in the eyes of every looker-on.

Of the oration every one knows its purport, and most people have read it in the columns of the daily papers; we illustrate the scene.

Long before the conclusion of the ceremony, Colonel Lefferts brought his men from the ground, they marched to the National Hotel and were then dismissed until the next morning. Fatigued and miserably dirty as they were, in one hour they appeared in the hotel parlors as clean and fresh as if they had not marched a step during the day.

The Concluding Scenes.

It was pompously announced that a magnificent banquet for two thousand persons had been prepared, we accordingly accepted an invitation to attend, and here we found the same miserable arrangements which characterized the whole celebration. The champagne was execrable, and the imposing banquet a mess; but few of the National Guard were there.

The worst had yet to come, the arrangements for sleeping; twenty and thirty were packed in a room, in one instance thirty-eight were crowded together. The night was passed however, not in sleep, but in having what they called a jolly time, the drums were brought forth, and such a racket perhaps never before was heard in any hotel in Washington. But the morning dawned, and as soon as the boys had partaken of breakfast, they were marched to the White House, where the President received the officers and afterwards reviewed the whole regiment; the various evolutions which they performed elicited repeated applause, not only from the President, but from the assembled multitude that surrounded them.

The effect upon the President was manifested by the earnestness of his address to them, and the admiration which he expressed to the Colonel. On the conclusion of the address nine hearty cheers were given by the Guard for the President of the United States, and three for John Cochrane. Upon the termination of the review the troops were disbanded, in order that they might visit the various objects of interest in the city, and also visit the House of Representatives, where seats had been appropriated for them by a unanimous resolution, offered by John Cochrane.

At half-past three in the afternoon the regiment departed for New York, and thus ended the first chapter.

In our next letter we shall describe the various phases of society in Washington, and give an account of the levees and receptions there, and prominent among these the recent splendid reception of Miss Lane at the White House, Washington.

HON. JOHN COCHRANE.

AMONG the many incidents connected with the inauguration of the Washington Statue at our Federal Capital, the admirable address of the Hon. John Cochrane to the Seventh Regiment is one of the most satisfying. It was at once a tribute equally honorable to the orator and to the gallant body of men who so worthily represented our commercial metropolis on that grand National occasion. The circumstances are briefly these: Immediately after the President had concluded his address to the Seventh Regiment, there was an unanimous call for Mr. Cochrane, who, after some little hesitation, came forward. When the cheering, which ran along the whole line, had subsided he made an eloquent speech, the more emphatic from its brevity. He well observed that New York might well be proud of a citizen soldier who left their stores and daily pursuits to pay a tribute of respect to the great man whose birthday they had celebrated at so large a sacrifice of time and money. We regret that we have not space for the whole address. In order to gratify the public curiosity, we present a correct portrait of the Honorable Member, with a short biography.

John Cochrane, the present able and popular representative for New York, was born somewhere about 1816, at Palatine Church, Montgomery county, New York. His father, Walter J. Cochrane, who married the only sister of Gerrit Smith, was the son of Dr. John Cochrane, Surgeon-General and Director in chief of the hospitals of the Northern Department of the Revolutionary Army. This gallant soldier married Gertrude, the only sister of Major-General Philip Schuyler, the distinguished patriot. The family of the Cochranes is originally Scotch, and emigrated from Paisley, in Scotland, to the north of Ireland. From thence they sailed for the New World, and settled in Pennsylvania, founding the town of Cochranesville, where many of their descendants still reside.

In his eighteenth year, after receiving his education at Union College, Schenectady, the distinguished subject of our present sketch took his graduating diploma from Hamilton College, New York, and commenced the study of the law at Oswego. Here he practised with much success, but his pent-up Utopia longed for a wider field, and in 1846 he came to the Empire City. Here he found a field worthy of his eminent abilities, both as a lawyer and politician. In 1848 he became identified with the Barnburner division of the Democratic party of our State, but never so far as to take his foot from the Union platform. In 1850 he ran for Congress, but in consequence of a division in the Democratic ranks he was defeated. He then devoted his entire energy to his profession, and rapidly rose in fortune and fame. In 1853 President Pierce appointed him to the high and responsible position of Surveyor of the Port, and it is only due to truth to declare that few men have ever left office with a more enviable reputation for integrity and ability. Devoted to the Democratic cause, he never for one minute suffered the ties

of party to swerve him from the path of duty. In 1856 he was sent as one of the delegates of the South to Cincinnati, and voted first for Franklin Pierce, then for Stephen A. Douglas, and finally cast his voice for James Buchanan.

On his return his District, composed of the Fifteenth and Seventeenth Wards, was so satisfied with his conduct throughout that trying Convention that they unanimously gave him the Democratic nomination to represent their interests in Congress. He was elected after a warm contest by a large majority. He is now the Chairman of the Committee on Commerce, an honor seldom conferred on so young a member. He is also Chairman of the Democratic Caucus, a position requiring great tact and knowledge.

Mr. Cochrane is also eminently a practical man, and has introduced several bills of great utility and necessity. Among these is one of great importance to merchants, and comprising the codification of the Revenue laws. Another is a bill to protect steamer passengers from the designs of immoral mates and captains, a most Christian act, and calculated to save many from the paths of ruin.

He is very energetic in the establishment and extension of ocean lines, particularly those on our own Continent, for it is a fact equally disgraceful to us as a nation and a commercial community that at the present time the postal carrying of the world is done by England. Mr. Cochrane must, however, as a member of Congress, pardon us for saying that this unfortunate result is entirely due to the ignorance or corruption of the august body of which he is so conspicuous an ornament. We must do him the justice to say that in the House Post Office Committee he advocated a liberal policy towards our commercial marine, which he well observed was the foundation of our political prosperity and independence.

His views are equally statesmanlike in the matter of granting lands to bona fide settlers and emigrants. He denounces all private speculation in lands, as sacrificing the general good to individual interests. The Homestead Bill has therefore found always in him a firm and unswerving advocate. The River and Harbor Bill is another of his favorite measures. We name these instances to show that he is not one of those politicians who enter Congress to carry out private ends, but to advocate great public measures.

Mr. Cochrane as a speaker is clear and concise; his words are well selected, and, without the pedantic formality of logical arrangement, he is not only most argumentative and eloquent, but his sonorous voice, musical, deep and profound, overwhelms and captivates his audience. But passing this, he above all other men represents our mercantile interest. He is the champion of all that affects our statutes—duties, laws and regulations; and we trust that a man so conservative in his opinions, so careful in his analysis of the rights of the Empire City, may long live to represent us in the national capital.

Of late Mr. Cochrane is strongly spoken of as the candidate for the Vice-Presidency at Charleston. He is an orator, a true Democrat, a profound logician, a careful political tactician and a gentleman.

THE PERAMBULATING LIBRARY OF THE WASHINGTON MECHANICS' INSTITUTE, LANCA-SHIRE, ENGLAND.

A NOVEL thought, in accordance with the spirit of the age. There are thousands of Institutes scattered over England where the poor man, after his day's labor, can spend a few hours in intellectual amusement or studying works connected with his business. These Institutes have proved of incalculable advantage, and many a man has risen from laborer to master through the knowledge gained at these humble resorts of learning. In some of the larger towns it was found that the distance frequently prevented the members attending the Institute as often as they wished or was necessary, and consequently it often happened that they were without any books to read. To remedy this the Perambulating Library was conceived. It carries the books to the members' houses, and at a stated time calls for them again. It has been found to work well, and to give general satisfaction.

WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENCE.

March 1, 1860.

WHAT between the dillness cast on the city by the non-organization of the House for such a lengthy period, and the early Lent, we have had no winter season at all—I mean in a fashionable, frolicsome, social style. As to the winter, we have had more than enough of that. The snow and sleet and general cold and ungenial weather even beyond the memory of the oldest inhabitant; but it seems now as though we might have a beautiful spring. Well, the Lent has cut short most of the parties, but it is thought that in April we may have some pleasant re-unions. Mrs. Gwin's famous fancy ball was given in an April, and as everything in the fashionable world goes by imitation, I should not be astonished if some of the grandee wives of our leading politicians would get up some "splendid entertainment" about the time of the Charleston Convention.

The social fraternity bade good-bye to the public season, for six or seven weeks, at a great reunion at the fine mansion of James C. McGuire, Esq., on E street. Mr. McGuire is quite a patron of the fine arts, has an excellent gallery of pictures, an extensive library and conservatory all in one range, which makes a splendid series of saloons in which to gather the brains and beauty of the metropolis. On this occasion there were from one hundred and fifty to over two hundred present at times, embracing a great variety of statesmen and politicians, lawyers and legislators, poets and pianists, painters and patriots, scholars and sculptors, wits and cits. Yonder near the door of the conservatory you might see Senator Toombs, of Georgia, and George N. Sanders, of New York, both burly men, having what Festus Bailey calls a "battered thunder" kind of whisper on the state of politics. Apart from them, Mr. Kingman, half reclining on a sofa, listens to Major Arnold Harris, who, in the most quietly confident and triumphant tones, feels positive that the Louisiana Delegation will go for Douglas. There, standing between the gallery and the library, is Colonel William W. Seaton of the *National Intelligencer*, receiving the compliments and well-wishes of a crowd of old and young men. Colonel Seaton, as well as his friend, kinsman and partner, "old Joe" Gale, as he is affectionately though familiarly called, is known, and (let me italicize it) well known in every sense to Washington and those who visit it. In the dignity and serene geniality of his looks he reflects the character of the journal with which his name has been associated for more than half a century. Stalking across the room, see the flowing locks of iron gray and full beard of still grayer whiteness of Albert Pike of Arkansas. He hears the group at the sofa, and placing his hand on Harris's shoulder—it is well he didn't slap him or our friend the Major would be driven into the middle of next week—says, "Arnold, hang your politics; here, George French is going to give us the opera." In no time a group is round the piano, at which the aforesaid French gives us an Italian opera, which, if applause be a criterion, rivals the efforts of Carl Forster as Leporello, or Brignoli as Edgardo. Then Palmer sits down to give us music as he likes. To a large circle in this city he is as welcome at the piano as Thalberg—but you should hear him at the organ. Of course I am not a "tip-top" judge, but he pleases me; and I saw his "Adeste Fideles" bring tears into the eyes of a singer. One of our most genial townsmen, who seems to have a taste for everything that distinguishes the man of taste—John F. Coyle—warbles some lyrical scraps of dainty sentiment; a notable Kansas Judge, who need not say "Oh, would I were a boy again," gives some capital illustrated songs; then Charles Winder, "of ours," intercedes for sentiment, and Washington, the artist, trolls forth some reminiscences of Dusseldorf student days, on the Rhine. And so the festive hours, draped in song, pass on.

Around, in various groups, the company lounge and enjoy themselves to suit themselves. H. K. Brown, the sculptor, J. F. Kensett and John Savage consider the prospects of art in general, and the usefulness of the Art Commission in particular; Col. Sim Johnson takes a bout at billiards with Randolph Coyle; Senator Sebastian, of Arkansas, is expounding a benevolent system of Indian policy to one of the "unknown" *Herald's* correspondents; Major B. Perley Poore is overhauling a book of autographs, of which Mr. McGuire has a fine collection; Roger A. Pryor and Wm. M. Burwell interchange pleasantries; Chilton, the lawyer who defended John Brown, and his namesake, R. S. Chilton, who contributes occasional poems to the *Knickerbocker*, are introduced to each other for the first time; and Heller, the magician, whom Mr. Buchanan has a notion of sending among the deprecating Indians, to frighten them with his wonderful tricks, as the French Government sent Robert Houdin to Algiers, astonishes a group of Congressmen and others by some very startling manœuvres. I cannot convey to you half, even a tenth, even an outline of the panorama surrounding me.

I have recently received the yearly volume issued by the United States Agricultural Society. It contains a great mass of useful matter. The report on the Exhibitions of 1859, compiled from attainable every source, by the Secretary of the National Agricultural Society, Ben Perley Poore, will convey an idea of what may be done when the United States Society shall have become more generally recognized as a receiving and distributing reservoir of practical information.

The facts that have been already collected and embodied show that the State Exhibitions of 1859 have been of increasing interest, and that agriculturists throughout the length and breadth of the land have everywhere given proof of improvement in stock raising, and in the modes and applications of culture. The hope is expressed by the editor of the "Transactions of the United States Society," that should it determine to continue the collection of accounts of Agricultural Exhibitions, the Secretaries of the various State and Local Societies will more generally respond to the requests for information. This cannot be too firmly impressed upon the State Societies. Compliance with the request will enable the organ of the Great Central Society to present to all an amount of information which in time will prove beyond all value. Also accounts of the familiar discussions at Exhibitions and Farmers' Clubs, condensed and arranged, would form a most valuable addition to the agricultural literature of the country, because they would contain the practical decisions of the most practical men.

PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.

The New Planet—M. Lescarbault—The Unicers and M. Vuillot—Spirit of the French Press—French Boarding Schools—Rarey and Grooms—the Three Dwarfs—the Countess Casanova.

WHAT is to become of the faith of those excellent individuals scattered here and there, some of them in the cloisters of Germany, some of them in our rural districts, who read the prophecies of Mathieu Laensberg and believe in astrology? Their whole unfortunate faith depends on there being only seven planets, and lo! every six months somebody finds a new one. The fact is worth noting, especially by those who, to prove some moral absurdity, appeal to the fact that mankind have always believed in it. Men have always held slaves, ergo they will always do so. Men have always made war, ergo murder must always be fashionable. Men have always believed in ghosts, have always done a thousand things which, however, common sense shows will not be done by the properly educated individual, and yet forsooth, they must always be constant quantities because they have been! Well, to return to my planets, M. Leverrier, who discovered Neptune, has lately not exactly run down a new one, but hearing that one was being hunted, dashed on and came in at the death. 'Twas thus he did it. M. Lescarbault is an obscure country doctor, but with as great a taste for stars as the manager of a theatre who is too mean to pay a good stock company. So much is he addicted to astronomy, that out of his three hundred dollars a year he devoted one hundred and fifty to a telescope. Not being able to buy paper whereon to cipher, he used white pine boards, which he planed off smooth when full of problems. Finally, with his boards and brains, he discovered by the perturbations of Mercury, that there must be some undiscovered dainty little coquettish heavenly body somewhere in his neighborhood who had so affected the mercurial gentleman. It is the same thing in astronomy as in finding out love secrets, you see. "Ah! my pretty little Demoiselle de L'Etoile," quoth M. Lescarbault, "I shall touch you soon." He ciphered away; he verified; *jeu de ciel*! he found reason to suspect that it was not one but a whole harem, perhaps a dozen, who stood in secret sweet relationship to Mercury. He verified the existence of one and published the fact in a country newspaper! New Leverrier has been in the perturbation-planet business himself for years, and had even had his little suspicion that Mercury had a little flock of perishes hidden away somewhere. They are dreadful fellows these astronomers for having their little suspicions. He at once took the first train for the village where Lescarbault ciphered; fancy the amazement of the doctor at finding the great head of the Observatory his guest. Fancy a small priest in a remote village suddenly seeing the Pope walk into his parlor, and hearing him ask if he could have a bed over night! M. Leverrier talked with the doctor, and finding that he ciphered on a board, went into ecstasies. It was so original, so romantic! He flew back to Paris, carrying the cherished plank with him, clinging to it as a shipwrecked sailor would do. He flew into the Academy of Science, "Hurrah, boys, look here! here's a new planet!" They gathered around the timber in amazement; they added up the figures and found the sum right; and M. Lescarbault is himself in consequence a shining star.

M. Philippe Busoni sums up very well the late difficulty with the *Unicers*. "The Imperial decree," he says, "has not all caused much agitation in that Catholic quarter where politics are best understood; it has simply been received as a disagreeable surprise, and nothing more. The *Unicers* attracted the thunder and it was struck down. It is, however, a blessing that M. Vuillot accepted quietly the punishment which many of his adversaries, while they secretly rejoiced at it, would have gladly seized on and agitated on the ground that it was an instance of purely literary persecution. Good or bad, the cause which the *Unicers* defended afforded capital to the mob (*pour la galerie*); the arguments were not always candied like sugar plums, heaven was too frequently spoken of in the language of the market place; religious matters were treated as if futile, and futile things as if they were of eternal import. The *Unicers*, however, had always its principles for a basis, the reader always could lend some faith or respect to it, and had the advantage that its articles were always written—something rare at all times. When by rare chance M. Vuillot was really in the right, he was obliged to do violence to himself, so much did he swell and puff with exulting and triumphant phrases; but this was a rare case, and happily for him he generally floated away on a course of headlong paradox, in which he appeared to bet advantage. It was in these treacherous waters that he, like a powerful and confident swimmer, loved to plunge in order to draw after him those weaker swimmers who were likely to perish in the unknown eddies. But on the whole, he is really only a man who swims on the surface, and he will continue to keep afloat."

I call attention to this criticism, because it describes very accurately not only the spirit of the polemics of the Conservative and especially the Catholic press of Europe, but because it is too generally applicable to the French press and French argument in general. Paradox, which St. Maurice describes as the life of conversation, is virtually the substitution of wit and piquancy for truth, of special pleading for sound representation, of oratory for honesty. The paradox and dramatic effect are the poems of French social life, and were they not controlled by a powerful materialism and its corresponding positive philosophy, we should soon see a demoralization equal to that of the most corrupt and degraded phases of the Latin or Oriental races. Fortunately, Auguste Comte shines in strong contrast with the Jesuit sophistry which has survived the shocks of revolution and reform. When France makes the next great step in human progress—when she shall have developed education for the young, and boys and girls be no longer trained in schools where cunning, espionage and mere appearances are everything—we shall see a new life and a new genius predominate.

That some grand reform is required in French schools is beyond a doubt. Language is inadequate to describe the corruption which prevails in many of them, owing partly to bad books which find their way everywhere, and partly to the complete isolation of the sexes, which has to a degree the same unfortunate effect as in the East. When the pupils leave to again receive paternal tuition the effect is not so bad, but in other instances it is most disastrous. I have heard of one school where the orphan daughters of officers are educated, whose graduates become in frightful proportion kept mistresses, soon after leaving. Now, as I know that French blood, if warm, is not naturally more corrupt than American or Italian, I suppose that the evil is one based more on external than internal impulses, and ought to be amended by good education. Under our present system there is not enough of that inculcating high independence and contempt for cunning and small adroitness which should prevail in every institute of education. There is nothing like earnest truth and a loathing of petty treachery to purify characters, and the mind always devoted to "shrewdness" is always, in one form or the other, vile. Now, this same shrewd, suspicious, sharp, loathsome spirit—this everlasting watching and spying; this want of confidence even in innocent souls, is the great principle of moral training in most French schools, and its effects are most disastrous. It simply amounts to producing the conviction that everything and everybody are as vile as possible, and that all one need do is to keep up moral appearances. Those who have read Charlotte's "Villote," will I grieve to say, obtain from it a very correct idea of a far too many French schools.

I am confident that I do not exaggerate when I say that the American horse-tamer, Rarey, has brought about a revolution in the *manège* of France and Europe. Not only were his lectures a success, but they are rapidly working their way into all stables. The old and mild method is supplanting the old and brutal method, and the next line will be to show that grooms and "horse-men" in general, should be themselves a more elevated order of animals than they are. It is only another argument for the necessity of education everywhere.

We have at present an extra singular exhibition here, in three marvellous dwarfs: Picolo, who is twenty-five years old and two feet ten inches high—an ex-shepherd, and now an excellent musician. Number two is Wunderlich, or "Wonderful," twenty-five years old, and measuring two feet and seven inches. He was an attorney's clerk. Thirdly, Esjosi, nineteen years old and two feet six. They are intelligent little fellows, and have been trained into good actors of broad farce. All the world round see them.

The Casanovas are not all dead. You have heard of the notorious life of Casanova de Seingalt, in which that rascal of all roués tells in detail more licentious adventures, and, in short, unveils his whole inner depravity more completely than any man ever did before or since. Well—all Paris now talks about a fair Countess Casanova, said—probably with no truth whatever—to be an emissary of Count Cavour, and who is believed to be a very dear friend of the Emperor. I detect these small scandals of diplomacy; unfortunately, in Paris, scandal is half the truth and expression of life as it really is. It is often the only real clue to very important matters. Whether true or not, it cannot be denied that the verdict of illicit relationship is always promptly placed on all friendships between those of opposite sexes, even in the first and most cherished society, very often falsely, however. Women who are educated as highly and who are as intelligent as a great number of those in the first circles here must, necessarily, form intimacies with intelligent men, and it is by no means true, as some seem to believe, that there is only one basis for acquaintance between the sexes. As for the Countess Casanova, she may or may not be an *émigrée* of the Emperor's. One thing at least I do not believe, that she or any other woman or man can influence his giant self-will. If it was ever of man, it is true of him that he seems to listen to all council and to receive the most insinuating and penetrating influences, merely to be entirely free of them. He takes it all as a rock receives the stream, which, instead of entering, only washes away all impurities from its surface without affecting it. He takes advice in order to strengthen himself in doing the contrary, and to see what impediments are in the way. He has his policy, far above the petty wisdom of all our diplomats of the times, and it is not very likely that, however, much she may amuse him, such a playful little adventures as the Countess Casanova will do much towards overturning or strengthening his plans.

Years, PANORAMA.

"Abandon it!" exclaimed our hero, sinking upon his knees; "while life beats, or reason holds her throne, I devote myself to its fulfilment. Pleasure may lure me with its smiles, beauty cross my path, ambition tempt me—but in vain. The spells of youth, love's witching mastery, stirring the heart with dreams of bliss, shall alike prove powerless to shake my resolution. I swear it, mother, by your tears and sorrows; by the strong cry of nature in my heart, whose voiceless eloquence assures me of your innocence."

Oliver Brandreth rose slowly from his knees; but several minutes elapsed before his emotion permitted him to peruse the narrative contained in the second envelope. There was something solemn in the thought, the writer had not intended it to meet his eye till the hand that traced it was in the grave.

It was addressed "To my dearest son. To be delivered to him after my death."

"You will be surprised to learn that, till very lately, you had a second parent still living, though long supposed dead—a mother, whose existence has been blighted, a mystery to herself and inexplicable to others, unless by the absurd supposition that she deliberately committed crime without motive, and bartered happiness and honor for the name of a felon."

"Left an orphan at an early age, to the care of her only female relative, the Dowager Lady Vasseur, your mother's wealth made her an object of speculation to her stern guardian, who saw in her marriage with her son, Sir Cuthbert, the means of retrieving the fortunes of her family."

"She was doomed to be disappointed. Her ward felt no love for her cousin, whose proud and passionate spirit terrified her, and who had many reasons to believe that his heart was devoted to Mademoiselle Marelli, a young Frenchwoman who had long been her companion, and whose conduct towards her in every instance, save one, appears to have been truthful and affectionate."

"It is not her life that your unhappy parent is writing—she has neither nerve nor inclination for the task—but simply an account of the circumstances that chequered it with so dark a stain. It has been worthless since."

"Without asking the consent of her guardian, which would have been refused, your mother believed, in the confidence of her girlish heart, that the devotion, the love she felt for the husband of her choice was mutual. She fancied she had secured a protector. He proved, alas! a cold and pitiless judge."

"Honor was his idol, and so frantically, so blindly did he worship it, that he sacrificed at a false shrine the woman he had sworn to protect."

"During the absence of her husband the young and inexperienced wife resided at Bath, where you were born. She does not dwell upon the transport with which she hailed that blessed event—the pride and joy she anticipated in presenting you to your father; reason would reel beneath the task, and this, her protest against the injustice of the world, be left unfinished."

"Your mother had had her miniature painted with you in her arms, as a present to her husband on his return, and accompanied by Mademoiselle Marelli, visited the shop of James Masters, the principal jeweller in Bath, to have it mounted in a locket. The man placed tray after tray of his costly merchandise before her to tempt her to become a purchaser; the visitor cared but little for jewels; she had diamonds sufficient to deck an Indian bride, although she rarely wore them. On her return home an emerald ring fell from her handkerchief."

"How distressing!" exclaimed her companion. "Say, rather, how extraordinary that it should have remained in my handkerchief unperceived," replied your parent."

"The carriage was still at the door; she instantly returned and restored the trinket to its owner, who declared he had not even missed it. Had he but looked a doubt, your mother would never have entered his place again."

"A few days afterwards, news arrived that Captain Brandreth's ship was expected at Portsmouth."

"His wife, in the impatience of her affection—the pride of her maternal love, determined on meeting him there to present to him his first-born. Wild, excited, half mad with joy, she hastened to the jeweller to demand the miniature. Her manner might have appeared hurried and confused. Probably it was so—at least his assistants swore that it was when she paid for the locket and regained her carriage."

"Unfortunately she had gone for it alone, which renders what followed still more strange and inexplicable."

"In the evening whilst displaying the likenesses to a party of friends at her own house, the officers of justice were announced. They had a search warrant. Information had been sworn by Masters of a robbery, and a bracelet of considerable value was found in the dressing-case of your wretched mother."

"Imagine, Oliver, the horror of that moment. It was in vain that she protested her innocence. Her words were received with looks of incredulity. Still she had one friend left—her wealth. Bail to a large amount was accepted. She fancied that she had also a protector, and she fled to him, accompanied by Mademoiselle Marelli and her infant. But the tongue of the slanderer had done its work. Her husband refused to receive her—separated her from her child."

"For months your mother's mind was a blank."

"Our hero dropped the paper; his tears had blinded him—he could read no more."

"God!" he exclaimed, "repress the bitter thoughts that rise within my breast; the words of scorn upon my lips, for he is still my father. Courage! courage," he added; "let me peruse this tale of misery to its close."

"He raised the narrative from the ground, and pressed it with reverence to his lips, as if it had been the history of some sainted martyr's sufferings."

"No sooner was her reason restored than your parent hastened to Bath, to confront her accuser—to demand an investigation. It was in vain the magistrates listened with cold politeness to her indignant protestations; they could do nothing, or rather would not. Captain Brandreth had compromised the charge."

"Once, and once only, when a doubt of his injustice crossed his mind, did he write to his wretched wife, stating his readiness to listen to any explanation she might choose to offer."

"His letter was returned; the arrow had pierced her heart, and his was not the hand that could withdraw it."

"Since that event, the victim of this dark conspiracy—for conspiracy there must have been—resided with an aged friend who has promised to deliver this, and convey to you the last blessing of your broken-hearted mother, who dies in the pleasing hope that her son will be more just to her memory than the world has been to her name."

"The world shall do her justice yet," exclaimed Oliver Brandreth, greatly excited; "acknowledge its error, and wonder at the harshness of its judgment. It were to doubt heaven," he added, "not to feel assured the veil of sin and mystery will be rent at last. My soul pines for action—I long to commence the holy enterprise. Woe, woe to her accusers when they shall stand defeated and unmasked at last. They shall find me pitiless as their crimes have been, hard as their own vile hearts!"

"Before quitting his chamber our hero once more perused the simple yet affecting narrative; then seating himself at his writing-desk, copied it word for word, in order to transmit it to his father. It was the justification of the step he was about to take. He felt that it required no other."

"Mrs. Dalton was the only person to whom he showed the original. The kind-hearted woman wept as she read it; every line confirmed the conviction she had always entertained of the innocence of her unhappy friend."

"How lazily time lags when expectation counts the hours. Oliver Brandreth waited day after day the summons from John Compton; at one moment he fancied that he had forgotten him, the next he accused himself of injustice."

"A week elapsed before it arrived. On seeking the private residence of the worthy broker, to his great astonishment the door was opened by Peter Marl."

"You in London?" he exclaimed.

"That's not fair, Peter," said Phil, who made his appearance, eager to welcome his friend. "You have stolen a march upon me."

"Fear I have, Mr. Blandford," answered the veteran; "but don't be angry with me. Kotswold has been so dull since you left it, and I felt so happy to see you both again."

"Both?" repeated the youth, archly; "well, I suppose it would be ungrateful to quarrel with you after that compliment."

"Thank you, sir."

"Come," added Phil, taking our hero by the arm, "I have another surprise for you."

"As Oliver passed through the hall he gratified the feelings of the old soldier by a cordial shake of the hands."

In the library he found not only the broker, but Major Henderson waiting to receive him; both welcomed him warmly.

The master of the house looked at his watch.

"Only half an hour to dinner," he said; "perhaps we had better postpone all explanations till we have dined."

Oliver regarded the major imploringly.

"Not if you wish all your guests to do justice to your hospitality," observed the latter. "It is astonishing how many questions may be asked and answered in thirty minutes."

"Well, well, just as you please," replied the host. "Phil and I will see after the wine."

The speaker quitted the room. He was one of those men who did not like to hear their good deeds dwelt upon; he would rather at any time have given a hundred in charity privately than see his name figure in a subscription list for five pounds.

"Mr. Compton," said the major, as soon as they were alone, "has informed me of the manly, spirited resolution you have taken of solving the mystery which clouds your parent's name. Do not feel hurt, my dear boy, by my alluding to it. As the old friend of your father, I have long been aware of every particular respecting your mother's history, and more than once risked offending him by my disapproval of his conduct. Our host has promised to assist you in your enterprise. It is a great responsibility he has undertaken, and nobly has he acquitted himself. Listen to the plan he proposes."

"Pray proceed, sir."

"You and his ward are to travel in Italy, not under my control, but such protecting care as age and experience may extend to youth—a father to his sons."

"I have already settled for a successor at Carwell Hall," he added, "and in a few days we are to commence our travels, which, be it strictly understood, are to be made subservient to the one great object you have in view."

"Are you satisfied?"

"Satisfied! I am most grateful."

"There is one part of my arrangements," continued the gentleman, with a smile, "that possibly you may object to."

His former pupil regarded him with surprise.

"I have half promised that Peter shall accompany us. He is an old campaigner, and may be useful."

"The very thing I would have asked," exclaimed Oliver, delighted with the prospect of having the veteran with him. "How can I ever repay such goodness—such generosity?"

"By saying very little about either," answered Major Henderson; "for Mr. Compton has a nervous aversion to being thanked by any one. Shall I tell you how you may relieve your own feelings and best gratify him?"

"It will add another to your many acts of kindness, sir."

"By quietly shaking him by the hand."

"Will he not think me cold?" exclaimed the youth; "insensible to his noble conduct towards me?"

"Rely upon it, my dear boy," replied the gentleman, "John Compton will understand you. One word more, in explanation, and I have done. Neither his ward nor Peter Marl must have the slightest reason to suspect that your voyage has any other object beyond the completion of your education by foreign travel. Not but I would stake my life at any time," he added, on the discretion and fidelity of my old comrade."

"And I on Phil's affection for me," said our hero. "Believe me, I fully appreciate the delicacy of your request."

"As for the change of your names, which our host and myself both think advisable, the various attempts that have been made upon the liberty, if not the life of his ward, afford sufficient reason."

On entering the dining-room, Oliver Brandreth walked quietly up to the worthy broker, and shook him silently by the hand.

"That's right," whispered the old man; "no unnecessary words—can't endure them."

"If you only knew—my heart is overflowing, sir."

"I do know," interrupted his benefactor, in the same quiet undertone; "and that is why I do not wish to hear it. Take your chair, Phil, say grace."

The dinner passed silently enough. Phil was the only one that seemed in spirits at the prospect of the tour before them, and his friend Oliver for a companion. Little did he imagine the painful feelings, the hopes and duties struggling in the heart of his once merry-hearted school companion, who listened to his joyous anticipations and projects of future pleasure with a melancholy smile.

On his return home our hero related to Mr. Dalton the arrangements that had been made for the accomplishment of his adventurous task, and received the congratulations of his relative, which were not the less sincere because regret at the prospect of parting mingled with them.

"Still you do not appear happy," she said, struck by the thoughtful, anxious expression of his countenance.

"I was thinking of my father, madam," replied her nephew. "Is it not strange that every one should place confidence in me and approve my conduct except the author of my existence? He is the only being who ever doubted me."

"It is his nature," observed his aunt.

"Would it were a more trusting one!" exclaimed Oliver Brandreth, with a sigh.

"This is folly, my dear boy."

"You are right," answered the youth, "regret is folly, for it cannot cancel the past; and I will, if possible, dismiss it from my mind. I shall require all my energy and courage in the enterprise I have undertaken. Something whispers me Sir Cuthbert Vasseur will prove no common enemy to contend with. You know him, aunt; describe him to me—not his features—the portrait I saw at Rockingham Hall has already made me acquainted with them—but his mind, his character—his real self."

Mrs. Dalton appeared embarrassed by his request.

"You are too shrewd an observer," added the speaker, "not to have come to some conclusion on the subject long since."

"If I hesitate," replied the lady, "it is because I sometimes doubt the justice of my early impressions. Remember, I have not seen the baronet since the marriage of your mother, and time may have altered him."

"The serpent casts its skin, but cannot change its nature," exclaimed her nephew, bitterly.

"Like most of us, Sir Cuthbert Vasseur was a strange mixture of good and evil," said his aunt. "His pride, and, I fear, vindictiveness, he inherited from his mother. To these sad qualities were joined a fiery, passionate nature, impatience of control, and, I have heard, great laxity of principle where the female sex were concerned. That the loss of his cousin's fortune was a disappointment to him, I can well believe; but I believe also that the loss of her affection was a still greater one. Directly after her marriage with my brother became known he retired to the Continent, and has never since revisited England."

"I have described the dark side of the portrait; now listen to the reverse. He was not without a certain reckless good nature; if his impulsive disposition led him at one instant into error, the next was just as likely to find him endeavoring to atone for as to persevere in it. A shifting sand," added Mrs. Dalton, "could not be more variable, and, I fear, more dangerous. I always looked upon him as a man to be pitied, for God had given him talents of no common order, but unhappily the weak indulgence of those who had the care of him in childhood left him without principle or purpose to direct them."

"It is a sad picture you have drawn," observed the youth, musingly, "an existence thrown away—wrecked in the streams of passion."

"They are the battles of the soul, Oliver," said Mrs. Dalton, impressively. "Happy are those who pass through them unscathed."

A few days served to complete the preparations of the travellers for their journey; and our hero, after taking an affectionate leave of his aunt and Isabel—whose grief and anger at not being allowed to go to sea with him, caused her mother to smile through her tears—repaired to the residence of Mr. Compton, where he was to pass his last night in England. It proved a sad one.

The wealthy broker felt more than he expressed at parting with his ward and his youthful friend; for the two boys had so wound themselves around the old man's heart, it would have been difficult to decide which of them held the foremost place in it.

"Money!" he muttered several times to himself; "stuff, nonsense, the great humbug of the world!"

John Compton would have given more than he cared to name, could he but have called Oliver or Phil by the name of son. He thought of his own youth and manhood wasted in the pursuit of riches; regret filled his heart—but it was regret without bitterness.

And he was right; youth is too glorious a thing to be spent in crowded cities and dingy counting-houses. The book of nature is worth all the ledgers whose balance shows the winning of much

cross. The gains cannot repay the toil, especially when made for self alone. Home, wife and children alone can bless and hallow it. Youth! what a contrast it presents to wrinkled age!—a seraph smiling on the iron visage of Old Time—an opening flower, bathed in the well of life, blooming near an unfilled grave.

Peter Marl, having satisfied himself by due inspection that the pistols—his parting gift to Oliver Brandreth—were in working trim, and looked to the baggage, repaired to the dining-room to receive his final orders.

The old soldier drew up and involuntarily gave the military salute, as Major Henderson drew from his pocket an old orderly book, and read the instructions which he had written down for their journey.

"Sergeant Marl is directed to have everything in marching order by six to-morrow morning."

"Sergeant Marl for the future is to address and speak of Mr. Oliver Brandreth and Mr. Philip Blandford (the wards of his commanding officer) as Mr. Oliver and Mr. Philip Trevor."

"Sergeant Marl is ordered to forget that he has ever known, heard, believed, or imagined the aforesaid gentlemen to have borne any other name."

"Dismissed!"

"Not without a glass of wine first, with your permission, major!" exclaimed our hero, highly amused at the stolid expression of the old soldier's features.

"Thank you, Mr. Trevor," said the veteran, tossing it off.

"Dismissed!" repeated the major.

"Beg pardon, sir," replied Peter Marl, saluting, "but there is one point on which orders are not quite clear."

"And that is?"

"Are Mr. Philip and Mr. Oliver Trevor brothers or cousins?"

"Brothers!" exclaimed both the young men, simultaneously.

The veteran saluted for a third time, and, without moving a muscle, marched out of the dining-room.

"You have imposed a difficult task upon the faithful fellow," observed the broker.

"Not in the least," replied Major Henderson, laughingly; "Peter is too well disciplined. Once read in general orders, the change becomes a mere matter of routine—a part of his military duty. I would wager my half-pay," he added, "that the old soldier never once addresses my wards but by the name of Trevor."

The event justified the prediction. From that day the veteran appeared to have forgotten the names of Blandford and Brandreth. When the moment arrived to bid farewell to his young friends, John Compton felt more than he chose to express.

"I have done all that human prudence can suggest," he said, as he shook them by the hand, "to provide for your safety. The rest depends upon the will of Providence. God bless you both."

And without waiting a reply, the bluff citizen, whose feelings were supposed to be interested only in fare and tref, freights, discounts, shipments and the state of the money market, walked away to conceal something very like a tear.

For several days the city man devoted himself unremittingly to business, early and late he was in his office. The clerks could not imagine what was up. Perhaps he worked against time—perhaps against himself.

(To be continued.)

A DUTCHMAN'S WILL.

It is an ancient saying, no one knows what a day may bring forth. A Dutchman died one hundred and fifty years ago who speculated in centuries. This was Jacob Pereyra, of Amsterdam, who left an immense property, out of which he allowed only twenty thousand guilders annually to his widow and children. The remainder, consisting of securities, which he considered as stable as the everlasting hills themselves, were left in trust to the wardens of his synagogue, who were to suffer it to accumulate for one hundred and fifty years, when it was to be divided among his descendants—first reserving one hundred thousand guilders to be devoted to building a new synagogue. The one hundred and fifty years will expire on the 1st of February 1861, but, alas! there is nothing to divide. At the time the old Dutchman died Holland was a great nation—it had East India territories, the carrying trade of half the world—in a word, she was the England of her time.

His East India shares, which paid forty per cent, were so much waste paper fifty years after his death. The Dutch East India Company became bankrupt in 1775. The French Revolution and annexation to France deteriorated his property, and the revolt of Belgium made another serious hole in it. The settlement of the national debt in 1813 had previously annihilated his government stock. Verily, riches make to themselves wings to fly away.

THE CHICAGO SCANDAL.

THE Chicago scandal case, alluded to by us some time since, has assumed a new phase. Our readers will, no doubt, remember that Mr. Burch, a wealthy banker of a remarkably pious turn of mind, detected his wife in a criminal intrigue. Overcome with horror at such a remarkable occurrence, he, together with his chief clerk, went to his favorite parson, who, upon hearing the racy particulars, flung down upon his marrowbones and invited them to join him in seeking the Lord in prayer. Whether they found him is not known, but we should imagine they rather found the price of darkness, for a Chicago paper relates they all rose comforted. The pious and heartbroken banker immediately went to his wife, and procured his wife's signature to a confession of her guilt. But as she was a lady of fortune and influence, the banker could not kick her into the street—he therefore sent her on to her guardian and uncle, Erasmus Corning, of Albany, who, with the true instincts of a gentleman, believed her story. It now appears that this praying and hymn-singing banker had got tired of his wife, and took this unworthy way to get rid of her. The gentleman whom he alleges as the partner of her crime denies the accusation, and her signature to the confession was extorted by force. Should this be the case, the banker Burch deserves having far more than Stephens, the wife poisoner. The latter merely killed the body, but the former would stab the soul and reputation of the mother of his children! As the whole affair is to be brought before the legal courts, and as Mr. Erasmus Corning is the last man in the world to abandon an injured woman, there can be no doubt both parties will get their just deserts.

PERILOUS WINTER EXCURSION.

THE Vermont Chronicle has a very thrilling description of an Arctic excursion to the Summit House, on Mount Mansfield, and the wintering there one night. Four ladies, attended by their beaux, started on the 9th to ascend the Mont Blanc of Vermont. The enterprise is a very hazardous one, the snow for the last mile and a half being at least six feet deep. But a rough road has been kept open by the workmen who are engaged in hauling lumber for the addition that is being made to the Summit House. As the 9th was a warm genial day, these eight happy lovers were tempted to make their excursion. After considerable toil they got their four horse sleigh within one mile of the Summit House; here the ladies got on horseback and rode safely to the desired haven of rest. They passed a very pleasant evening, and slept like tops during the night. But the night had brought a change, cold, sleet and a piercing wind! It was easy to get up, the difficulty was in coming down. When they had got about half way down, the cold had so benumbed them that they were unable to proceed. Here they took counsel together, and the result was despair. The gentlemen were quite exhausted with their efforts in beating a road for the horses, and the ladies had become resigned to die in the arms of the four heroes, when help providentially came. Three gentlemen with fresh horses and sleigh came up, and the revulsion of feeling in the hearts of the frozen beauties may be imagined. The whole party arrived at Stowe village on the afternoon of the 10th, greatly fatigued but none the worse, except cold noses, toes and ears.

LONDON CORRESPONDENCE.

An ominous silence has fallen upon the chief actors in the great Italian drama. It would seem as though the curtain had fallen upon the second act, and there is some doubt whether it will be rung up by Louis Napoleon's prompter or the Pope's, the Neapolitan assassin or the Austrian bravo; there is a very pretty Irish stew, *ella podrida*, or whatever you may term it in political cookery. It is a discordant banquet of frogs, macaroni, brown stout, lager beer, holy water, sourknot and garlic. I add garlic, because the Messalina of Spain is trying to convert her O'Donnells into Don Quixotes, and throw her peculiar ingredient into the dish. I shall leave this precious conglomeration to ferment until it is in a fit state "to put before the king."

There has been a lively spar in print between the famous D'Israeli and Colonel Rathbone, both Members of Parliament. The colonel having taken offence at some speech of the great Jew orator, wrote a pamphlet against him, which he sent, like a liberal-minded publisher, to every Member of the House of Commons. Now, as Rathbone and D'Israeli are both Derbyites, this little fracas amused the Palmerstonians mightily, and their fun was at fever heat, when a letter appeared in the *Times* this morning, in which Dizzy handles the purse-proud Tory without gloves. I have only room for the concluding sentence: "Colonel Rathbone is no rogue; he is only a wrong-headed man of ungovernable temper, and vexed by nature with an infirmity of suspicion touching on insanity—one of those men who are always playing into the hands of their enemies by quarrelling with their friends."

I could not help thinking, as an American, how far inferior this scolding one another in the newspapers, like mere penny-a-liners, is to the Washingtonian plan of fracturing a skull, as Preston Brooks did Sumner, or caning his antagonist, as men of a smaller heroism have done. Oh, happy land of Washington! where argument is ignored for brute force—where philosophy goes out and pugilism comes in, and where the syllogism is completed by a murder! Happy land, where Kelt, Wise, Sickles, Edmondson and Herbert shoot waiters to give them an appetite for breakfast!

The frivolous have been wondering why the Prince of Orange is on a visit to Madame Victorine. The reason is that the Dutchman has come to be trotted out before the old lady to see if she likes his paces well enough to justify her in buying him for the Princess Alice. There was some scandal a week ago in the Paris papers to the effect that the Queen had caught him over a little bit of surreptitious sourknot or *soup bouilli*, I forget which—but I suppose it was a joke of *Figaro* or the *Chariati*. He is a clever young man, with a face like a Dutch cheese, and consequently wears the national colors on his countenance. He went last week to inspect the International Telegraph Company, and while there transmitted a "How do you do?" to his affectionate parents, who returned a "Pretty well, I thank you," in seven minutes. I knew a dull dog in New York who took longer to answer that question face to face. *Apologies*, did you ever know an Irishman who stuttered? A young Frenchman put this question to me seriously the other day, and I could not answer it.

I am sorry to be obliged to record "one more unfortunate." Mr. Prosser, curate of St. Nicholas' church, Durham, and quite a popular idol of the ladies, especially the pious ones, has made a slight *quarrel*. He has left his wife, his congregation, his female saints, and his misanthropic theologians, and looted with an illegal bundle of calico—in point of fact, a collier's daughter, and somebody else's wife.

It has been decided that another great Exhibition shall be held in London in 1862. It is hoped by that time "the Empire of the World will be Peace," and those dear little lions, Louis Napoleon and Victor Emanuel, will lie down with those dear little lambs, the Pope and Francis Joseph.

A curious, and I am afraid a significant fact, has lately transpired at Gateshead. A pitman named Hay, a Catholic, was charged with having, in company with others, stolen a watch and money on the highway. The watch was found in the possession of Father Kelly, the Roman Catholic priest of the village. It appears that the thief to whose share the watch had fallen had confessed his crime, upon which the holy man would not give him absolution till he had restored the watch—not to the robbed man, but to him the priest. The magistrate could not induce the priest to divulge the name of the thief, such not being the custom of the creed. It would be curious to know how much of this plunder finds its way into the hands of the church. We can understand that Father Kelly must have felt as much reluctance in giving up the stolen watch as the Pope does in giving up his revolved Legations.

A most amusing incident occurred the other day. A lady entered a pastry-cook's in Cornhill, and addressing, with great agitation, a young woman who was dispensing tarts and cakes to hungry customers, begged permission to retire into the back parlor to search herself, as she was sure there was something very dreadful under her crinoline. The attendant sympathizing with her fright assisted her in the delicate investigation, when lo and behold! to the astonishment of both, a good sized kitten was found in the trelis work of that mysterious order of architecture called a petticoat. How the feline invader got there is a mystery, but I am happy to say for the vindication of the young lady that that intruder was not a tom cat.

An anecdote illustrative of "Woodman Spare that Tree," is going the rounds. Count de Fontenay having more forests than money, upon being applied to by the Lamartine Committee, ordered one of his finest oaks to be cut down and sent it as his contribution to the relief of the distinguished author. Lamartine, touched by such a striking donation, wrote a sonnet upon it, which he sent to the "Woodman who did not Spare his Tree." Louis Napoleon, not content with suppressing *L'Univers*, has warned a provincial paper of the same persuasion, the *Independence*. Everybody has heard of Lord Eldon, the famous Lord Chancellor of England. His life has lately been published, and several curious anecdotes of this keeper of the King's conscience, as Chancellors are familiarly called. When accused of never attending church, he excused himself on the ground that when at the University he had such a surfeit of chapels, that he should red at the thought of ever entering another; and a still more striking instance of how little he believed the doctrines of the church, of which he was, under the Sovereign, the nominal head—when the Bishop of Exeter called upon the dying Chancellor, and called his solemn attention to the merits of his Redeemer, Eldon was greatly enraged at what he considered a severe reflection upon his own merits in private and public life. How little these men comprehend the grand truths of our divine faith, although they pretend they are Christian, and would earnestly resent a doubt expressed of that fact. I was told some time ago of a striking instance of this self-blindness. A wealthy old merchant, who was a regular church-goer, was lecturing his nephew upon his extravagant charity. The young man ventured to plead in extenuation that the founder of our faith cared little for money. The respectable Christian said, in a sort of *sotto voce*, "Well, I have often thought that our Saviour was not aware of the value of money!"

The Belgian Chamber of Deputies do not like the new commercial treaty between England and France, as they have hitherto largely supplied the manufacturing wants of their Gallic neighbor. Between two such nations as Frog and Bull the Belgian Lion will lose its skin, as another animal did in days of yore.

The Thunderer of Printing House Square is very savage with his Holiness in consequence of Cardinal Antonelli expelling its correspondent from Rome.

The English authorities have decided upon sending Hines and Lane, the mates of the Anna, to take their trial for murder. These are the men who murdered six American citizens in cold blood, and who would have been tried here had not Mr. Dallas stretched the American flag over their bloodstained heads. I trust that the banner of freedom will never be so disgraced again. Mr. Dallas offers as an excuse that the sailors thus murdered were colored men. He has been very properly rebuked by the British press for such an abuse of ambassadorial privilege.

Collard, the famous pianoforte manufacturer, has died at the age of eighty-six. He has left a large fortune. He succeeded the famous Muzio Clementi, of Cheapside. The business will be carried on by his nephews.

Lord Seymour's cigars were sold last week. He had accumulated a stock of 16,000 cigars. The lowest rate they fetched was ten sous—the highest fifty sous a piece!

All the theatres now are in full blast. Charles Dillon is the star of Drury Lane, and has played "William Tell" cut down into three acts. The underplot is entirely cut out. At the Princess's Mr. Hall has produced a new comedy called "Caught in a Trap." It was a decided success.

A translation from the French, called "The Clockmaker's Hat," is having a decided run at the Olympic. Mrs. Emden produces the heroine.

Miss Wyndham has made a great hit at the St. James's, in a piece written by herself and Langford. It has some excellent scenes.

"Damon and Pythias" is all the rage at the Surrey Theatre. Creswick is the hero and Edith Heward is the heroine. This lady is the daughter of John Abraham Heward, the well-known poet and philosophical writer. He is a very conceited man, fancying himself to be a Shakespeare and Milton in one pair of breeches. He published an epic poem some twenty years ago, called "The Descent into Hell." At the Museum Club he said to Jerrold, "Jerrold, have you read my 'Descent into Hell'?" "No," said the grim wit, "I'd rather see it!"

That solemn humbug Charles Keen, and his admirable but highly red-nosed wife, have been making a triumphal procession throughout the provinces. Their reception in Edinburgh was a perfect ovation. I understand that they have no liking for their national music—equally detesting the Scotch fiddle and the bagpipes. Charles Keen said that the legitimate King of Scotland was Old Scratch. Never having been in the Land of Cakes, I cannot feel the joke—perhaps some of your readers may.

To give you an idea of the climate, I will just mention that the hottest day in England last year was the 12th of July, when the glass stood 92 degrees; the coldest the night of the 19th of December, when it fell to 15 degrees.

OUR BILLIARD COLUMN.

Edited by Michael Phelan.

Diagrams of Remarkable Shots, Reports of Billiard Matches, or Items of interest concerning the game, addressed to the Editor of this column, will be thankfully received and published.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—All questions sent to Mr. Phelan in reference to the rules of the game of billiards will in future be answered in this column. It would be too much labor to send written answers to so many correspondents.

THE WORLD OF BILLIARDS.

SETH, VAN R., Boston, Mass.—You are in error. You could not prevent your adversary from using the bridge. The French three ball carom game is the only one in which the use of that instrument is prohibited.

JOHN L. STOW, Milwaukee.—The shot is perfectly fair.

AMICUS, Montpelier, Vt.—Your question has been answered more than once in this column. Refer to your file of *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*. If you don't file it you ought.

J. T., Philadelphia.—There is nothing intrinsically mean in holding the white or opponent's ball; it is more short-sighted than mean, as you lessen your chances by holding it.

A NEW YORK TRO.—Apply to Mr. Lake or Mr. White, who may be seen at Mr. Phelan's Salerooms, corner of Tenth street, Broadway. Mr. Phelan cannot spare time to give lessons.

MC., Concord, N. H.—In playing a four-handed game, you had no right to instruct your partner how to play, unless it was agreed upon before the commencement of the game that such instruction was permissible. You have the right, however, to warn your partner against playing with the wrong ball, or, when his own ball is in hand, playing on an object ball within the string.

W. E. T., Lockport, N. Y.—Diagram received, and will be attended to as soon as soon as possible.

W. H. STOW, Jr., Fort Edward, N. Y.—Ditto.

CLAUDE, Rochester.—Will be submitted.

PAUL LEXTER, Leavenworth, Kansas.—Your communication is received, and we will make room for it at the earliest moment.

NEWBORN, Orange county, N. Y.—Glad to see that the young idea knows how to shoot in Orange county. The "Schoolboy" will receive all due consideration when his turn comes.

N. S., Sycamore, De Kalb county, Ill.—No harm done; on the contrary, we shall always be happy to hear from you.

R. M., Scranton, Pa.—The shot is evidently foul, and no amount of reasoning can make it fair. The printed rules would have decided the question for you and saved you a postage stamp.

ISIDORE, Cincinnati, O.—The French tables are lower than the American, and smaller in dimensions every way.

J. S., Harrisburg, Pa.—The weight of the cue you allude to was sixteen and a half ounces.

L. M., of this city, sends us a diagram of a remarkable shot made on a family billiard-table by a lady of his acquaintance. Our rule is to publish the diagrams accepted in the order of reception, and it is only when a lady is in the case that we could be induced to deviate from it. We will give the shot made by the fair amateur at the earliest possible moment, and we are sure our correspondents of the other sex will cheerfully yield her the precedence.

MR. PHELAN'S MOVEMENTS.—Our last register of Mr. Phelan's movements left him at Savannah, about to start for Macon, Ga. Before leaving the former city, Mr. Phelan played at the rooms of the Savannah Club, and there met Captain Philpot, who had come out victorious from the contest of a discount match with Mr. Phelan in Augusta. On this occasion, however, the captain was shorn of his laurels. Mr. Phelan discounted the captain in a first game 500 points, beating about half the number of points, and making three runs, one of 111, another of 114, and a third of 137. The second game was also a discount game of 500 points. Mr. Phelan left his opponent half way, and during the course of the game made a run of 104 points. Mr. Phelan arrived in Macon on the 11th of February. During his sojourn at Macon he played at Brown's Hotel, the Lanier House, the Georgia Billiard Room, and his playing was witnessed on each occasion by an admiring crowd of the notabilities of the place. From Macon Mr. Phelan went to Atlanta, where he arrived on the 14th ult., and was most kindly received by the warm-hearted people of that thriving town. While there he played at Mr. Johnson's, the Planter's Hotel; at Mr. Ennis's, the Atlanta Hotel; and Mr. Spaulding's, of the Trout House. The Atlanta *Intelligencer* gives the following account of some of the incidents of Mr. Phelan's stay in Atlanta, and pays a graceful editorial tribute to that gentleman. It says: "The crowds in attendance at each of these places were large, and the excitement great. Many of our amateur players 'tried a hand' with him, Mr. P. always 'playing at a discount,' as the experts say. On yesterday, we, among other invited guests, participated in a dinner given to this gentleman at the residence of our fellow-citizen, Mr. John Ennis. Mr. Ennis's board was most bountifully provided, and the company in attendance did full justice to it. Wit and sentiment went round the table, and all seemed to enjoy the repast to the utmost. We found Mr. Phelan to be a most sociable and affable gentleman, a genial companion and a scholar. We hope his trip through the South will prove in every way pleasant and agreeable. We commend him to the kind consideration of our brethren of the press, as a gentleman whose *savoir-faire* in *modo* is well calculated to make friends for him everywhere. He is the acknowledged champion in the billiard world as Morphy is in chess."

Mr. Phelan's reception and treatment during his stay in Atlanta was of the most cordial and flattering description. In this it has not differed from his experience in every Southern city he has visited. He has been so well treated that it would be impossible to give expression to his gratitude, and make a suitable acknowledgment. How can one man return the kindness of a whole people! We know of only one way by which such a result can be even approximated, and that is by taking the people in detail. We advise Mr. Phelan to adopt it, and we have no doubt he will, by a return of hospitality to such of his Southern friends as may visit New York.

Mr. Phelan left Atlanta for Columbus on the 16th ult. During his stay in Columbus he played several games, which were witnessed with great pleasure by the good citizens of that town. Leaving Columbus, Mr. Phelan arrived in Montgomery on the 20th. While there he played at Dent's, the Exchange and Montgomery Hall, where he won the applause of a crowd of spectators by several protracted runs. At last accounts Mr. Phelan was suffering somewhat from the effects of a cold and sore throat, superinduced by playing in crowded rooms and getting over-heated. He was to have left for Mobile on the 21st ultimo.

BILLIARD TOURNAMENT IN NEW YORK.—Our friends who wield the most remarkable cues in this city and Philadelphia have had a pleasant little home tournament during the week in the shape of some very interesting friendly trials of skill. The occasion was the opening of a new billiard saloon at 140 Fulton street, on Thursday, the 23d ult., by Messrs. Dudley, Kavanagh and W. H. Freeman. The playing commenced early in the afternoon, and the execution of the various gentlemen present was witnessed by a great number of persons. Among those players who were particularly conspicuous on the occasion were Mr. C. Bird, of Philadelphia, Messrs. White and Lake, of this city, &c.

BILLIARDS IN THE ENGLISH UNIVERSITIES.—We lately informed our readers that the traditional rivalry of Oxford and Cambridge, which has been exhibited in so many ways, has now taken the billiard form. The rules for the coming tournament between the two institutions are as follows. It will be seen that it is intended to make it annual.

"1. That the contest be an annual one. 2. That the matches take place in London each year, about the time of the University boat race. 3. That there be two matches played; the first a four match (alternate strokes), and the second a single match of 1,000 up, between the best players in each University. 4. That the table on which the matches are to be played shall not have been previously seen by any of the players chosen to represent their respective Universities."

The terms of the match had not been definitely arranged. The table on which the contest will be decided will not be named until within a fortnight or three weeks before the game takes place.

THE ENGLISH BILLIARD CHAMPION AND THE TOURNAMENT.—We understand that a gentleman now in England has had a conversation with Mr. Roberts concerning the proposed billiard tournament in this city. Mr. R. had not then answered the invitation to visit this country. He intended replying, but had to leave London. He said the offer was a generous one, but he had three rooms in operation, one in Liverpool and two out of it, which he could not possibly neglect for a journey to New York, however much he desires to visit America. On being further interrogated, he said that the offer being a speculation he would not like to make use of it and go into practice with large bills to win a second or third prize. If he did come, he said he should expect to share the proceeds. As far as we know, we think Mr. Roberts mistakes in classing the proposed tournament as a speculation. The gentlemen who projected it, we are assured, did so, not in their own interest, but in that of billiards, of which they are zealous amateurs. As the billiard celebrities seem to desire a share in the proceeds they should also share the risk. Let all the notabilities organize the arrangements themselves and then divide the proceeds, share and share alike, but let us have the tournament by all means.

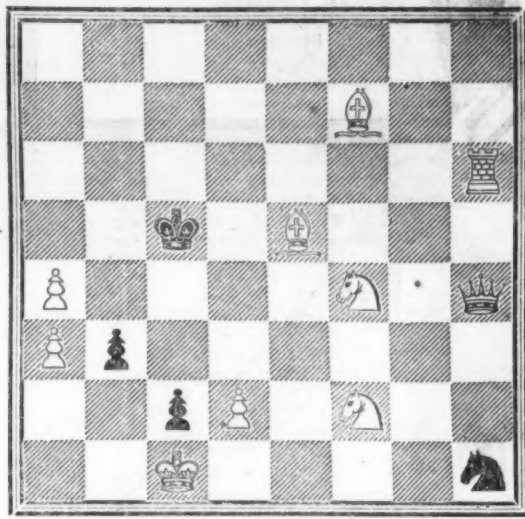
SURPRISE PARTY SURPRISED.

A LARGE party of the rulers of society—unbearded boys and undeveloped girls—determined to pay a surprise visit to Dean Richmond. Estates and drinkables were collected in vast quantities, and thus supplied, some two hundred persons, masculine and feminine, drove up to the Dean's house, rang the bell, and awaited the opening to rush in and take forcible possession of the house. Dean Richmond, however, having an opinion of his own upon the subject, opened the door himself, and courteously asked to what he was indebted for the honor of the visit. He was told that the visit was to surprise him. To this he replied that nothing surprised him now-a-days, that he did not wish to have a party, that when he did he would send out invitations; then politely bowing to the amazed and dumbfounded crowd, he retired, and—so did they.

CHESS

All communications and newspapers intended for the Chess Department should be addressed to T. Frère, the Chess Editor, Box 2495, N. Y. P. O.

PROBLEM No. 229.—By J. WILKINSON, Jr., Syracuse, N. Y. White forces Black to mate in four moves.



To CORRESPONDENTS.—S. N. Let us whisper to you alone. Place a White P on K 3 instead of a Black one, then send solution. That note paper with the short blue line at the head is "so sweet!" Please send it on that, will you not? Our postscript of compliments.—W. H. C. Thanks for the solutions.—K. of Westchester. Solutions to hand.—R. B., Norfolk, Ct. The problems are to hand and will be duly examined and reported upon.—C. P. J., Kalamazoo, Mich. Ditto, with thanks.—E. G. WARD, Tarrytown, N. Y. Your positions shall also soon be reported upon.—TWO MEMBERS OF THE HOLYoke Chess Club. The move of the White Queen is checkmate in the position given.

The following game was recently played between Herr FALKBEHR and Mr. BOYMAN, a rising amateur, the former giving the odds of the Queen's Knight: Remove White's Q Kt.

(K's KNIGHT'S DEFENCE IN K's BISHOP'S OPENING.)			
WHITE. Herr F.	BLACK. Mr. B.	WHITE. Herr F.	BLACK. Mr. B.
1 P to K 4	P to K 4	27 P to R 6	Kt to K
2 B to B 4	K to Kt B 3 (a)	28 Q to R 4 (c)	Kt to R 5
3 Q to K 2	Kt to B 3	29 P to B 6	Kt to B 6 (ch)
4 P to Q B 3	B to B 4	30 K to B 3	P tks R P
5 P to Q 4	B to Kt 3	31 B tks P	R to Kt 3
6 Q B to Kt 5	P to Q 3	32 B to Kt 7 (ch)	R tks B
7 P to B 4	Q to K 2	33 P tks R (ch)	Q tks P
8 Kt to B 3	B to Kt 5	34 Q to Kt 4	Q tks Q (ch)
9 P to Q 5	Q Kt to Kt	35 K tks Q	K tks R P
10 P to B 5	P to Q R 3	36 P to Kt 5	P to Q R 4
11 B to Q 3 (b)	P to B 3	37 K to B 5	P to Kt 3
12 P to B 4	Q Kt to Q 2	38 R to K R 3	R to B 4
13 P to Kt 4	P tks P	39 K to K 6	K to Kt 2
14 B P tks P	B tks Kt	40 R to K B 3	Kt to B 6
15 Q tks B	Q R to B	41 R to B 7 (ch)	Kt to Kt 3
16 K to K 2	B to Q 5	42 R to K 7	Kt to R 2 (ch)
17 Q R to Q B	Castles	43 K to Q 7	Kt to R 4
18 P to Kt 4	R tks R	44 K to Q 8	Kt to B 6
19 R tks R	Kt to Kt 3	45 B to Q B 2	Kt to Kt 7
20 B to Q 2	K to R	46 R to Q B 7	Kt to Q 5
21 P to Kt 5	Kt to K	47 R tks B	Q P tks R
22 P to K R 4	P to B 3	48 P to Q 6	Q Kt tks Kt P
23 Q to Kt 4	Kt to B 2	49 P to Q 7	Kt to K 8 (ch)
24 R to R 5	R to Kt	50 K to K 7	Kt to Q 6 (d)
25 R to K R	P tks P		
26 Q B tks P	Q to Q 2		

(a) This is now generally considered the best move for Black.
(b) In order to be enabled to play the Q B P to the vacated square.
(c) B tks P (ch) would have led to an interesting variation. Thus:
28 P tks P (ch) 28 R tks P 30 Q to R 4 (ch) Kt to R 4
29 R tks R P (ch) K tks R 31 Q tks Kt (ch) and wins.
Or if 28 K tks P 29 B to K 7 (dis ch), winning.
22 R to R 6 29 Q to K 2 30 R tks R P (ch), winning the Queen
30 P to B 6 R to Kt 3 32 P tks Q R tks B
31 Q to K 6 Q tks Q 33 P to B 7, and wins.
(d) Mr. Boyman conducted the latter part of the game with considerable ability.—Era.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

PROBLEM No. 224.—1 Q to K R 6; anything; Q or Kt mates.
PROBLEM No. 225.—Kt to K 5; Kt to K 5 (ch); K tks B (best); Kt to Q B 3 (ch); K tks P; Q to K 3 (ch). If 1 R to Q B: B to Q R 2 (ch); R to Q B 5 (best); B tks R (ch); K to K 5; Q to K 3 (ch). If 1 R tks P; Kt to Q B 3 (ch); K tks P; Q to K 3 (ch).
PROBLEM No. 226.—Kt to K 6 (dis ch); K tks Kt; Kt to K 5 (dis ch). Or 1 K to Q 2; Kt to Q Kt 6 (ch).

A BOY ARRESTED AND IMPRISONED BY THIEVES.

THE rascalities that cunning and corruption can induce the law, as it is termed, to do, are too well known to need much comment. In a little one-horse village over the Hudson, police officers commit gross outrages, which some convenient Justice winks at, on the principle that it is all in the family, we suppose, and officials will take money from prisoners under the pretence of getting them out of jail. We give an instance of another kind of legal enormity.

About ten days ago the son of Mr. Sandford, of Ross Mill, Cincinnati, was sent by his father in a wagon and pair of horses with a load of matches to dispose of. Having despatched this business, he was on his way home, when two men suddenly stopped the horses, gagged him, and jumping in drove to Lawrenceburg, where they accused him of having stolen the wagon and horses. Having had him arrested and lodged in jail, they drove off to parts unknown. The youth, bewildered at the position he was placed in, told his story to the jailor, who, of course, did not believe it, but he allowed his prisoner to write to his father, who came on, released his son, and dispatched officers after the rogues. They have not yet been taken, but a clue has been obtained to their whereabouts.

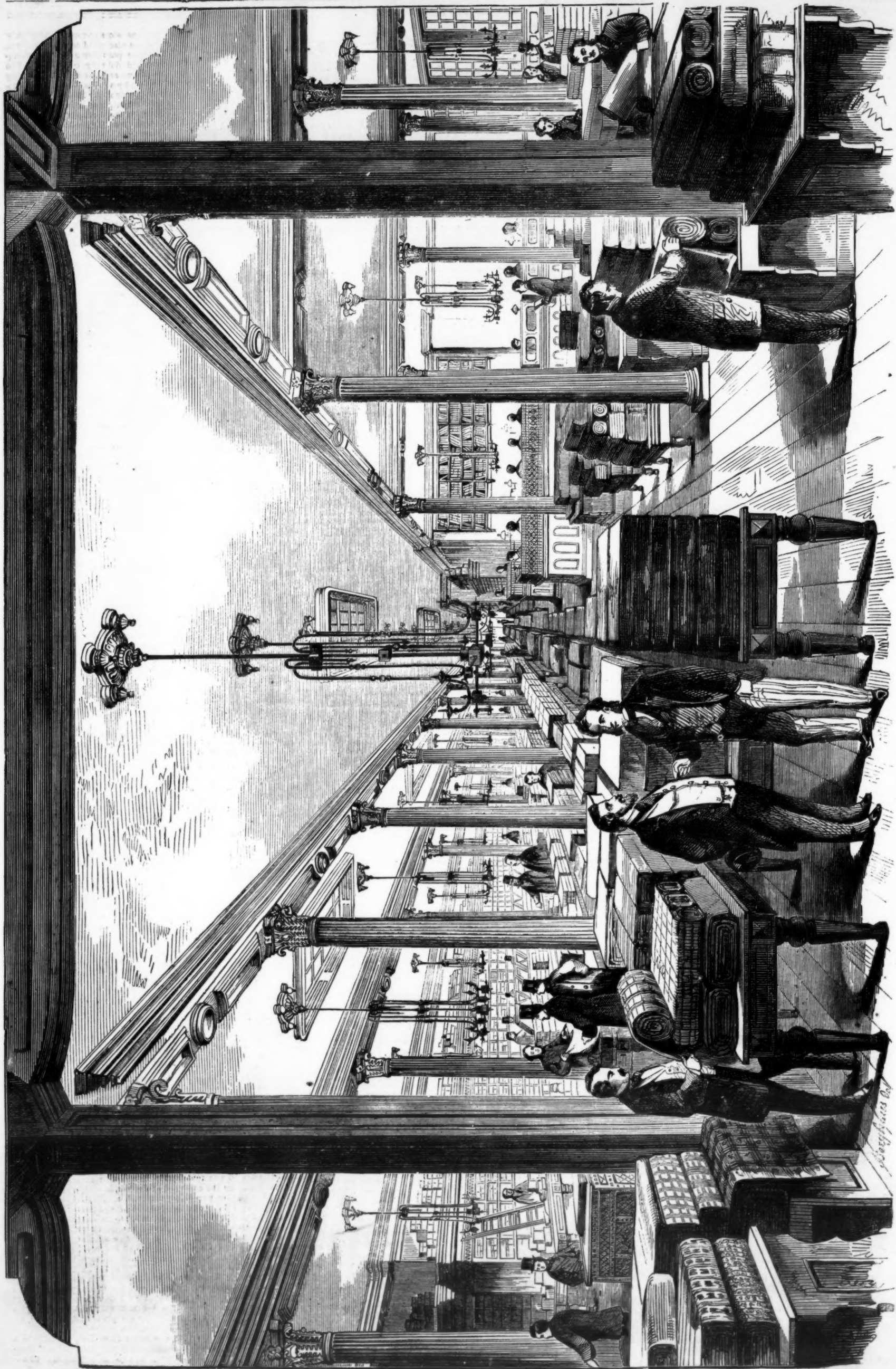
EXTRAORDINARY DISCOVERIES IN THE EAST.

DR. GRAHAM, who was sent by the British Government to explore the great desert on the eastward of Jordan, has lately returned, and reported the most extraordinary discoveries. He lately read a paper before the Royal Asiatic Society, in which he announced that to the east of the District of Hauran, and in a region unvisited before by any European traveller, five ancient towns, all as perfect as if the inhabitants had just left them—the houses retaining the massive stone doors, which are a characteristic of the architecture of that region. One of the cities is remarkable for a large building like a castle, built of white stone, beautifully cut. Further eastward, other places were found where every stone was covered with inscriptions, in an unknown character, bearing some apparent likeness to the Greek alphabet, but probably referable to the ancient Hamyaritic alphabet, formerly in use in Southern Arabia. Copies and impressions of several inscriptions are presented, and will, no doubt, engage the attention of Orientalists.

We saw, some few weeks ago, a letter from Lady Franklin to a friend in New York, in which she related a very interesting conversation with this Dr. Graham, whom, she says, is a gentleman of unimpeachable honor and veracity.

THE LAST OF THE LOST STEAMER HUNGARIAN.

MR. ANDREW CRAWFORD writes to the agent of the company to which the Hungarian belonged that nothing is left of the vessel but the starboard bow from the break of the fore-castle. Nothing was floated ashore whole, the packages were all broken up, and taken by the fishermen to their houses. There were a great many loose letters, which have been collected and forwarded to the post office. The conduct of all near the scene of the wreck is inexplicable, and demands a most thorough investigation. It is very clear that no effort whatever was made to render assistance.



MERCANTILE BUSINESS OF NEW YORK—THE INTERIOR OF MESSRS. C. W. & J. T. MOORE'S NEW DRYGOODS STORE, BROADWAY.

THE MESS MOORE
In nothing of the v than the has taken structure room, wi an elega divisions, place to viceable Cellars ments, be lently l ventilated now pal sumptuous is the erected o Theatre, trade, C. firm whic forty ye paralleled fortunes changes t are so in them as merchant
In 182 C. W. Mo in 1823- it & Moore as Moore and in 183 C. W. & conducted & J. T. M the follow W. Moore Robbins, I W. Brown B. Lockw this const extensive jobbing l perhaps i description bottle of sufficient clothe th The value stored in a million above hal has three of seventy way, and seventy-five Pearl stre two latter for the re the delive the store surement rear being from Wor and sever architectu and attrac are the co two storie boldly ca circular an elegance distribution which is unsurpass effect, the the first h under Br the rear c room is an over the n a beautiful sub-cellar

THE MARBLE STORE OF MESSRS. C. W. & J. T. MOORE & CO.

In nothing has the general progress of the world been more striking than the complete revolution that has taken place in our commercial structures. The old, dingy counting-room, with oak panels, has become an elegant space, with plate-glass divisions, and the old stool has given place to a sumptuous and yet serviceable chair fit for an emperor. Cellars have become elegant apartments, beautifully fitted up, excellently lighted and thoroughly ventilated. In brief, our stores are now palaces. Among the most sumptuous of these noble structures is the new Drygoods Store, erected on the site of the Broadway Theatre, for the oldest firm in that trade, C. W. & J. T. Moore & Co., a firm which has existed for above forty years, a term almost unparalleled in these days of rapid fortunes and fast commerce. The changes in such an extensive house are so interesting, that we record them as an example to all young merchants:

In 1821 the present senior, Mr. C. W. Moore, commenced business; in 1823 it was changed into Hallock & Moore; in 1835 it was continued as Moore, Hutchinson & Moore; and in 1836 was altered into that of C. W. & J. T. Moore. It is now conducted under the name of C. W. & J. T. Moore & Co., and includes the following gentlemen: Chancey W. Moore, J. T. Moore, Wm. M. Robbins, Emmor K. Haight, Chancey W. Brown, Joseph N. Ely and John B. Lockwood. As we named before, this constitutes the oldest and most extensive general importing and jobbing house in the city, and perhaps in the world. In it is every description of drygoods, from the bottle of perfume, comb, &c., to sufficient silk, cloth and linen to clothe the armies of the world. The value of the produce generally stored in this establishment is above a million of dollars. It covers above half an acre of ground, and has three fronts, the principal one, of seventy-five feet, being in Broadway, another in Worth street of seventy-five feet, and a third in Pearl street of twenty-five. These two latter entrances are used one for the reception and the other for the delivery of goods. The form of the store is the letter T, the measurement from Broadway to the rear being two hundred feet, and from Worth to Pearl one hundred and seventy feet. The style of architecture is Norman. The main and attractive features of the front are the columns, which extend up two stories, and are finished with boldly carved capitals and semi-circular arches. For its vast extent, elegance of finish, and admirable distribution of light, the first story, which is the leading sales-room, is unsurpassed, although, for general effect, the view from the front of the first basement, which extends under Broadway, is far finer. In the rear of the ground floor sales-room is an iron skylight, as also one over the main centre, which afford a beautiful and uniform light. The sub-cellar and the upper story are



EXPOSURE OF THE SONS OF MALTA—SCENE IN THE PRO PATRIA LODGE, NEW YORK CITY—THE CANDIDATE FALLING THROUGH THE DOOR INTO THE BLANKET HELD BY MEMBERS OF THE BROTHERHOOD BELOW—THE "TOSING" THEN COMMENCES.

used as storage-rooms; the basement is also used as a stock-room, the rear part being for the charging and delivery of goods. The basement and sub-cellar are amply lighted by an illuminated iron platform, extending the width of the entire front, and the latter by foot-lights in the basement floor, underneath the illuminated platform. Numerous dummies have been constructed to facilitate the removal of goods from floor to floor. The goods are received, that is to say, either hoisted up or let down by an elevator, which derives its momentum from two steam-engines of fifty horse power each. The building is heated by steam throughout. In short, nothing that science can accomplish to render a store perfect in all its compartments and requirements has been omitted. The cost of the ground was about three hundred and seventy thousand dollars, and the building cost upwards of two hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars. Thus, with stock, &c., the marble store of C. W. & J. T. Moore & Co represents above a million and a half of dollars. Their employes number above a hundred. The most perfect order prevails, and so far as is possible in so large an establishment, every man has his special place.

The Worth and Pearl street fronts are built of Philadelphia brick, with white double sills and lintels. The Broadway front, above the first story, is built entirely of East Chester marble. Altogether it is decidedly one of the most imposing structures in our great thoroughfare.

The plans were made and the erection of the building superintended by the well-known architects, Keilum & Son, who deserve great credit for their admirable taste and judgment.

OUR EXPOSURE OF THE SONS OF MALTA.

It is curious to see how the members of this bogus Order writhe and wriggle under the complete exposure we have made of their absurd mysteries and indecent orgies. They deny the correctness of our illustrations, and shelter themselves behind the asseveration that such a ceremony is not performed in their Lodge, and, therefore, must be fabricated. They well know, however, that each Lodge has its peculiar forms of initiation, depending upon the wealth or imagination of its members. They have also made use of some papers which they have found weak enough to espouse their cause, and articles have appeared therein, which, if translated as the brethren know and understand them, no paper could have been found vile enough to publish. It is gratifying to know that in a great many places through the country the Lodges of the Sons of Malta have been discontinued. Indeed, they can only exist for any length of time in large cities. Their organization depends upon catching new victims, and when a village has used up its own population, the Lodge dies from inanition. In cities, however, the constant influx of strangers supplies a never



EXPOSURE OF THE SONS OF MALTA—ONE OF THE GENTLE MEANS OF REFRESHING A SON, AFTER HE HAS PASSED THROUGH THE DANGERS OF THE RUOGED PATH.



EXPOSURE OF THE SONS OF MALTA—THE CANDIDATE, BLINDFOLDED, IS LED UP TO A GALLERY AND PLACED LEANING HEAVILY AGAINST A DOOR—WHAT FOLLOWS WILL BE SEEN ABOVE.

ending list of "green" ones, whose fees, extorted as they afterwards find, on false pretences, keep the machinery in motion and sustain the Lodge.

The Order of the Sons of Malta is on its last legs. Our exposure will give it an evanescent flush of success—many will enter the fraternity to learn if what we have said is true, but the odium which now attaches to it will drag it down, and it will sink quietly into oblivion.

Our illustrations this week exhibit a scene in the initiation of Candidates in Pro Patria Lodge of the City of New York. The blindfolded Candidate, after being led hither and thither, is made to ascend a stairway to a gallery, which, having attained, he is placed leaning heavily against a door. At a given signal, the fastenings are drawn, the door disappears, and the Candidate tumbles head-foremost down into a blanket prepared below to catch him, when he is violently tossed up as long as the sport interests the amiable Brethren. We need hardly say that this rough and brutal usage has frequently terminated in severe injuries to the frightened and deceived Candidate.

Our third illustration represents the pleasing and gentle method of refreshing and invigorating a Candidate who has been pushed and dragged over the rugged road which leads to membership in the stupidest Brotherhood that was ever organized to humbug and disgust a credulous community.

JOHN C. HEENAN.

There is a pugnacity in every human being, however he may attempt to disguise or overcome it, which throws around every feat of daring, self-denial or endurance a certain amount of romance which deeply interests the public. In obedience to this curiosity we present to our readers the most correct likeness of John C. Heenan that has ever been published. Apart from the general feeling we have already alluded to, there is a particular interest attaching to the subject of our present sketch, in consequence of his assuming in some degree the character of a national champion, inasmuch as he is pitted against the fistic hero of England.

John C. Heenan was born on the 22d October, 1835, and is consequently in his twenty-fifth year. Being strong, tall and athletic, he was apprenticed to a blacksmith, at which trade he worked for some years. Tempted by the charms of a California life, he emigrated to the shores of the Pacific, and settled down in Benicia, where he pursued his trade with great assiduity. He returned about four years ago, and recommenced his occupation. His good conduct recommending him to some friends, he procured a situation in the Custom House, although some have said that it was rather a reward for pugilistic services at certain elections. We must, however, at least do him the credit to say that, when he had made his match with John Morrissey, he resigned his appointment, as he would not fill a sinecure. In August, 1858, he was matched by his friends to fight John Morrissey, a champion renowned for his pluck, endurance and former victories, while Heenan had never fought a professional battle before. We are told he had marked his man in several accidental encounters, but had never stood up against a regular pugilist till his famous battle with Morrissey in 1858. In our paper of that time we gave an accurate illustration, as well as a full description of that stirring scene. There were many reasons why he should be beaten then, and his defeat, while it mortified his friends, caused them little surprise. It was well known to them that the severe training had caused an old wound in his leg to reopen, and this was aggravated by the unfortunate circumstance of his dislocating his thumb in the third round; the wonder is, that with such drawbacks he stood so long the unequal combat. In person he is six feet two inches, and weighs, in full flesh, about two hundred and twenty-six pounds. When he fought Morrissey his weight was two hundred and fifteen, although his fighting trim ought not to exceed one hundred and ninety-six pounds. He has a remarkably long arm, a peculiarity which is expected to tell in his approaching combat with Thomas Sayers. His face is a very good-humored and boyish one, and his manners are singularly courteous and modest.

Some months ago he determined, with true American enterprise, to make a venture for the champion belt of Old England, and the preliminaries being arranged, he started about seven weeks ago to train for this gallant achievement. He is now training at an old farm-house near Salisbury, England, under competent instructors; and we do not hesitate to say, whether in defeat or victory, he will sustain the reputation of the American ring.

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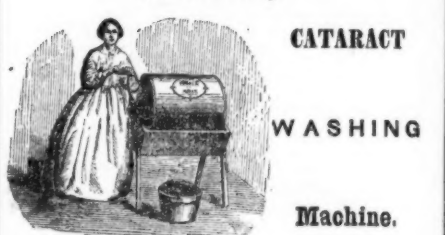
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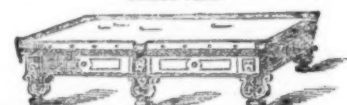
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221-33

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TIFFANY, YOUNG & ELLIS,

Fine Jewellery, Precious Stones, Watches, Silver Ware, Bronzes, Clocks, Rich Porcelain Articles of Art and Luxury. No. 550 Broadway, New York. HOUSE IN PARIS, TIFFANY, REED & CO

BOAR'S HEAD SIX CORD SPOOL COTTON.



Superior to any ever imported in Strength, Smoothness and Elasticity, for MACHINE OR HAND SEWING.

Warranted 200 Yards. Certificates from some of the best judges in the United States.

"We have tried Evans & Co's Boar's Head Sewing Machine Cottons, and find them excellent."

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Prince's Protean Fountain Pen.

WARRANTED PERFECT.

Enough has been said in favor of this Pen to warrant every writer's having one. The flow is perfect. Regulated at pleasure. Compact. No temperature affects it. Absolutely incorrodible. Will please the most fastidious penman. All kinds of ink can be used. This is the only perfect Fountain Pen in the world. Pens sent by mail on receipt of money. The No. 1 Pen, \$5; for No. 2, \$4. Once filling writes from 6 to 10 hours. Discount to trade. Local Agents can make money by selling these Pens. T. G. STEARNS General Agent, 267 Broadway, New York. 214-39

"Hard Times no More."

ANY Lady or Gentleman in the United States, possessing from \$3 to \$7, can enter into an easy and respectable business, by which from \$5 to \$10 per day can be realized. For particulars address, with stamp, W. R. ACTON & CO., 222-25 41 North Sixth Street, Philadelphia.

Medical, &c.

Health of American Women.

32 From the New York Tribune.

"The Graefenberg Family Remedies are most reliable. In the universal and distressing diseases of women, the remedies are gentle, judicious and surely effective."

Previous notices and testimonials have established the fact that THE GRAEFENBERG COMPANY'S MARSHALL'S UTERINE CATHOLICON is the only reliable cure for those diseases which render the lives of women, from the age of fifteen upward, miserable to an extent only known to themselves. These diseases afflict married and single, and no social position, refinement of living or condition in life, affords any guarantee against them. Beside the local uterine symptoms, they are often attended with

Deranged Monthly Periods—
Irregularities—Weakness—Faintness—
Deranged Appetite—Sallow Complexion—
Pain in the Back and Kidneys—Chills—
Cold Hands and Feet—Bloating—Feverishness—
Neuralgia—Palpitation of the Heart—
Dizziness—Nervousness—Headache—Restlessness—
Disturbed Sleep—Flashes of Heat—General Pain—
Crawling and Pain in the Spine and between the Shoulders—
Acid Stomach—Nausea—Indigestion—
Difficult Passing of Urine with Heat or Smarting—
Itching—Burning or Irritation of the Uterine Organs—
Nightmare—
Despair—Hysterics—Anxiety—Red Face—
Nervous Twitching—Starting—Constipation—
Irritable Temper—Sadness—Suppressed Appetite—
Flatulence—Bloating and Irregular Bowels—
Unpleasant Dreams—Pains in the Uterine Organs—
Numbness and Pain in the Limbs—
Loss of Memory—Bewilderment—Soreness in the Feet—
Pain in the Back.

THE GRAEFENBERG MARSHALL'S UTERINE CATHOLICON is prepared by an educated physician, and may be fully depended upon. All other preparations should be avoided.

Letters and testimonials from clergymen and public men of distinction can be seen at the rooms of the Graefenberg Company. No. 32 Park Row, New York, and convincing references to persons in the city will also be given at the same place.

Price \$1.50 per bottle. For Six Dollars five bottles are sent by Express, and charges prepaid to end of Express route from New York.

Address JOSHUA F. BRIDGE, M. D., Secretary and Consulting Physician, Graefenberg Company, No. 32 Park Row, New York.

Dr. J. F. BRIDGE may be consulted professionally, or by letter, at his rooms in the Graefenberg Institution, No. 32 Park Row. Office hours, nine to one and three to four.

If an extended opinion is required by letter, One Dollar must be inclosed to insure reply.

The principles and practice of medicine adopted by the Medical Board of the Graefenberg Institution are clearly set forth in the GRAEFENBERG MANUAL OF HEALTH, a medical work of 300 pages, published for family use, and elegantly embellished with colored engravings of the human system. Price 35 Cents—on the receipt of which it is mailed to any part of the country. 222-26

TO INVALID GENTLEMEN.—The Motorpathic Treatment, a system of statuminating vitalization, aided in particular cases by a few concentrated vegetable alteratives, and the medicated electro-chemical, anti-nerfuleus or anti-nervous baths, the hot acid, alkali or salt baths, or hot douches and sprays alternated with the cold water treatment, speedily removes most diseases, especially those dependent on an active virus in the blood or of scrofula in the system. In the cure of nervousness, sleeplessness, debilitating dreads, loss of memory, dyspepsia, bronchitis, liver complaint, rheumatism and gout, its success is unprecedented. H. Halsted, M.D., of Round Hill Water Cure, Northampton, Mass., will be in New York, at the St. Nicholas Hotel, March 14th and 15th, and will receive calls from three to seven P. M. He will be happy to answer inquiries as well as to see invalids. Physicians are cordially invited. His Water Cure is open Winter and Summer. It is overflowing with visitors in the warm months, attracted not only by its superior advantages for regaining health, but by its home comforts, exhilarating mountain air, and the fame of its beautiful scenery. The most speedy recoveries, however, are made in the cool months. 223

From Halsted's Late Treatise on Motorpathy.

"Mr. W., aged 34, had a bronchial affection five years. He was much emaciated; had distressing cough, with constant pain through the chest. For a few months previous to the time of commencing treatment at this Institution he had grown rapidly worse. His friends feared he was in a hopeless state, but in two months he returned home, in health, to recommence business, in which he has been actively engaged ever since."

This Treatise can be obtained by return mail, by inclosing 25 cents to H. HALSTED, M.D., Round Hill Water Cure, Northampton, Mass.

A Cure for Scarlet Fever,

MEASLES, CROUP, WHOOPING COUGH, MUMPS, SMALL-POX, INFLUENZA, SORE THROAT, AND OTHER MALIGNANT DISEASES.

DR. RADWAY'S METHOD OF CURE.

The universal success that has attended the administration of RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS AND READY RELIEF, in the prevention and cure of the above-named malignant disorders, induces us to recommend the immediate use of these Medicines in all cases where the above-named maladies exist.

Dr. FREDERICK B. PAGE, a distinguished physician in Mississippi, has met with great success with RADWAY'S PILLS AND READY RELIEF in the treatment of Scarlet Fever, Measles, and other malignant diseases.

By Thomas Curtis, of Leedsville, Va., lost four children by the regular mode of practice. He had two others who were seized with this disease, and expected they would die; he, however, administered RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS AND READY RELIEF, and saved their lives. Mr. Curtis was instrumental in the lives of several other children, by giving Radway's Pills and Ready Relief.

In this distressing complaint, RADWAY'S READY RELIEF AND REGULATING PILLS have never failed in saving the life of the patient. On the first symptoms of Croup, give one to four Pills (according to the age of the child), and bathe the throat and chest freely with the Ready Relief, and no danger need be apprehended.

Dr. JAMES W. STEWART, a practicing physician in Louisiana, under a letter dated January 23d, 1858, states that in all cases of Scarlet Fever, Measles, Croup, Whooping Cough, and even Smallpox—he has always succeeded in saving the lives of his patients by administering Radway's Pills and Ready Relief.

MUMPS.

W. H. BURTON, of Medora, Alabama, writes under date of March 31st, 1836: "There is a large quantity of your Ready Relief and Regulating Pills used here for Scarlet Fever, Smallpox, Measles and Mumps. I have heard of several cases of the former diseases that were cured by your Medicines, and have witnessed their curative effects in Mumps."

Directions for the use of Radway's Pills and Ready Relief accompany each bottle and box.

As A PREVENTIVE.—If you will use the READY RELIEF and REGULATING PILLS as directed, you may visit the most infected places and escape without an attack.

So with Smallpox, Measles, Typhus and Ship Fevers. Radway's Relief will protect you against the most subtle of these infectious poisons.

Radway & Co.'s Medical Office, 23 John St., New York.

Dr. Radway's Medicines are sold by Druggists everywhere. 218-30

Nature is the Great Physician.

THIS is now admitted by the medical profession as a fundamental principle of healing science. It is wisely provided by the human economy that whenever anything is wrong in the physical system the natural forces of the body are brought to bear to expel the disease. The great aim therefore is to strengthen the natural powers. This has been kept in view by the skillful compounders of DR. J. HOSTETTER'S BITTERS, which operate to give fresh vitality to all the organs of the body. The patient who feels as if he had taken a new lease of life, and as he continues the use of the article, he is overjoyed to find the streams of health coursing through his frame. Let all from whose cheek the bloom has departed give Dr. J. Hostetter's Celebrated Bitters a trial.

Sold by Druggists and dealers generally everywhere. Principal Agency in New York, 13 and 15 Park Row.

Bogle's Wig and Hair Work.

TRUEST to nature, irreproachable in style, and perfect in fit. None can equal them. Sole Agent for the Royal Transparent Parling. Bogle's Electro-Hair Dye, best and cheapest in the world. Try—he convinced. Prices, 50 cts., \$1 and \$1.50. Are you getting bald? Is your hair turning gray? Bogle's Hyperion Fluid is the great restorer of Hair—all others are based on this great discovery, and are sham imitations. Prices, 25 cts., 50 cts., 75 cts., \$1 and \$1.50. Sold by Druggists throughout the United States and Canada. Proprietor, W. BOGLE, 202 Washington Street, Boston, opposite the Marlboro Hotel. Every article for the toilet to be had at Bogle's Bazaar. 223-35aw



DR. BAAKEE

TREATS ALL DISEASES.

SPECIAL attention given to all Chronic Diseases, Coughs, Croup, Consumption, Influenza, Asthma, Bronchitis, all diseases of the Nose, Mouth, Throat and Lungs; all Skin Diseases of every description successfully treated; Lumbago, Lumbar Abscesses, Scrofula, Rheumatism, Gout, Neuralgia, Paralysis, Epilepsy, or Convulsions, Dyspepsia, Dysentery, Diarrhoea. The very worst cases of Piles cured in a short time; also diseases of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels. There are many diseases incidental to women and children which are treated with distinguished success. All particulars will be given by letter. Dr. Baakee can produce one thousand certificates of his perfect success in curing

CANCERS, OLD SORES OR ULCERS, HIP DISEASES, FISTULA OF EVERY DESCRIPTION, SCALD HEAD, WENS, POLYPUUS OF THE NOSE,

Or in any other part of the body.

TUMORS AND SWELLINGS

Of every description, and without the use of the knife, or any surgical instruments. These last-named diseases cannot be cured by correspondence; therefore all such patients must place themselves under the Doctor's personal supervision.

Doctor Baakee has made a new discovery of a "Fluid" that will produce absorption of the "Catarract," and restore permanent vision to the Eye, without resort to the knife. All diseases of the

EYES AND EARS

are successfully treated without the use of the knife or needle. Dr. Baakee has constantly on hand at his office a very extensive assortment of beautiful ARTIFICIAL EYES AND TYMPANUMS OR EAR-DRUMS, which are suitable for either sex and all ages, inserted in five minutes. Ear Trumpets of every description; also every variety of artificial article known in the world.

ARTIFICIAL HANDS AND FEET with the Ankle, Leg and Knee-Joint attachments.

These articles are perfectly natural, and adapted for either sex, and can be sent by express to any part of the world. All kinds of Trusses for Hernia or Rupture of every description, for either sex, and Trusses particularly adapted for females in a weak condition; also for those with Protruding Uteri.

Doctor Baakee is one of the most celebrated and skillful physicians and surgeons now living. His fame is known personally in every principality of the world.

All letters directed to Dr. Baakee must contain ten cents to pay postage and incidental expenses. All chronic diseases can be treated by correspondence, except those mentioned, which will require his personal supervision.

Office Hours from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M. DOCTOR BAAKEE, Office, 704 Broadway, a few doors above Fourth Street, New York City. 210-22

To Consumptives.

A CLERGYMAN having cured his son of Consumption in its worst stages, after being given up to die by the most celebrated physicians, desires to make known the mode of cure (which proves successful in every case), to those afflicted with Cough, Colds and Consumption, and he will send the same to any address, free of charge. Address, enclosing two stamps to pay return postage, DANIEL ADEE, 211 Centre Street, N. Y. 223

Welling's Worm Diuretic and Condition Powders.

MADE after veterinary Physicians' recipes, are very efficacious when given to Horses suffering from Inflammation of the Lungs, Heaves, Worms, Surfeit, Moulding or when hide-bound. Testimonials with directions for use may be had on application to SAMUEL G. WELLING, Apothecary, New Rochelle, Westchester Co., N. Y. The Trade supplied at \$4 per dozen large boxes of one dozen doses each. Retail price, 50 cts. per box. 217-29

Kennedy's Medical Discovery

CURES SCROFULA.

Kennedy's Medical Discovery cures Erysipelas. Kennedy's Medical Discovery cures Cancer. Kennedy's Medical Discovery cures Nursing Sore Mouth. Kennedy's Medical Discovery cures Humor of the Eyes. Kennedy's Medical Discovery cures Scald Head. Kennedy's Medical Discovery cures Running of the Ears. Kennedy's Medical Discovery cures Ulcerated Sore Legs. Kennedy's Medical Discovery cures Leprosy. Kennedy's Medical Discovery cures Rheumatism. Kennedy's Medical Discovery cures Salt Rheum. Kennedy's Medical Discovery cures Dropsy. Kennedy's Medical Discovery regulates the Bowels. Kennedy's Medical Discovery regulates the Kidneys. Kennedy's Medical Discovery regulates the Liver. Kennedy's Medical Discovery has cured Dropsy.

When you are sick, and do not know what the matter is, perhaps you have an inward humor. Try Kennedy's Medical Discovery. For sale by all Druggists.

Purify the Blood.

MOFFAT'S LIFE PILLS AND PHENIX BITTERS.—The high and envied celebrity which these pre-eminent medicines have acquired for their invariable efficacy in all the diseases which they profess to cure, has rendered the usual practice of puffing not only unnecessary, but unworthy of them. They are known by their fruits; their good works testify for them, and they thrive not by the faith of the credulous.

In cases of Scrofula, Ulcers, Scurvy, or Eruptions of the Skin, the operation of the Life Medicines is truly astonishing, often removing, in a few days, every vestige of those loathsome diseases, by their purifying effects on the Blood, Bilious Fevers, Fever and Ague, Dyspepsia, Dropsy, Piles, and in short most all diseases soon yield to their curative properties.

For sale by DR. WM. R. MOFFAT, 385 Broadway, New York, and by all Druggists. 220-25aw

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THE ELECTROTYPING OF FRANK LESLIE'S PUBLICATIONS is executed by W. DENYSE, 183 William Street.



THE AMERICAN PUGILIST, JOHN C. HEENAN, KNOWN AS THE BENICIA BOY, NOW TRAINING IN ENGLAND TO CONTEST WITH THE ENGLISH CHAMPION, TOM SAYERS, FOR THE CHAMPION'S BELT.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY MASURY, BOSTON.—SEE PAGE 236.

To Consumptives.

THE advertiser having been restored to health in a few weeks, by a very simple remedy, after having suffered several years with a severe Lung Affection, and that dread disease, Consumption, is anxious to make known to his fellow-sufferers the means of cure. To all who desire it he will send a copy of the prescription used (free of charge), with directions for preparing and using the same, which they will find a sure cure for Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, &c. The only object of the advertiser in sending the prescription is to benefit the afflicted, and he hopes every sufferer will try his remedy, as it will cost them nothing, and may prove a blessing. Parties wishing the prescription will please address

REV. EDWARD A. WILSON,
Williamsburg, Kings Co., N. Y.

USEFUL INVENTIONS!

CARTER'S IMPROVED TWO-ENDED METALLIC

Sewing Needle Threaders.

Warranted to thread the finest cambric needle instantly. PATENT WORSTED NEEDLE THREADER, warranted to instantly thread the softest Worsted or Yarn into Worsted or Darning Needles.

PERFECT SATISFACTION WARRANTED.

Unparalleled Inducements Offered to Agents and Canvassers.

Full particulars in regard to Agency, Terms, &c., furnished upon receipt of two Stamps. Samples of each Threader sent to any part of the United States, postage paid in full, upon receipt of fifty cents.

Manufactured and sold, wholesale and retail, by
H. B. CARTER & CO., 131 Hanover St., Boston, Mass.

2230

Oscar Coon,

50 EAST FIFTEENTH ST., NEW YORK.—
BRASS AND STRING BANDS furnished with
Music, Instruments, Strings, &c. Parties about forming
Bands would do well to correspond. 223

STILL AHEAD!

DOUGLAS & SHERWOOD'S

NEW SKIRT,

THE

"BELLE OF THE SOUTH,"

The most perfect and beautiful Skirt ever produced;

MADE WITHOUT CLASPS,

and warranted not to get out of order.

IN

8, 11, 15, 20, 25, 30, 35, 40 & 50 HOOPS.

EVERY LADY

IS REQUESTED TO EXAMINE THEM BEFORE PURCHAS-
ING OTHER MAKES.

Wholesale Dealers Supplied by

DOUGLAS & SHERWOOD,

222-250 51, 53 and 55 White Street, New York.

DAVIS COLLAMORE & CO.

HAVE REMOVED THEIR STOCK OF

China, Glass, &c.,

To No. 479 Broadway, New York,

BETWEEN GRAND AND BROOME STREETS.

We invite the Public to examine the quality and styles of
our goods, comparing the prices, which are

LOW FOR CASH.

ONE PRICE—NO DEVIATION.

223-240

Smith and Wesson's Seven-Shooter.



J. W. STORRS, Agent,

131 Chamber Street, N. Y.

THIS PISTOL is the lightest one in the world
that has force; weight, ten ounces; is loaded
quicker than other pistols are capped; sure fire under all
circumstances, can remain loaded any length of time with-
out injury, is not liable to get out of order; is perfectly
safe to carry 206-2310

A NEW TALE.

THE GIPSY DAUGHTER;

OR,

The King and the Sorceress.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

NOW READY

IN

THE NEW YORK LEDGER.

2230

SENT BY EXPRESS
EVERYWHERE.

**WARD'S
PERFECT FITTING
SHIRTS.**

Retailed at Wholesale Prices.

Made to Measure at \$18 per doz. or \$14 for \$9.

MADE OF NEW-YORK MILLS MUSLIN.

With fine Linen Bosoms, and warranted as good a Shirt
as sold in the retail stores at \$2.50 each.

ALSO, THE VERY BEST SHIRTS THAT CAN BE
MADE AT \$2 EACH.

P. S.—Those who think I cannot make a good Shirt for
\$18 per dozen are mistaken. Here's the cost of one
dozen \$18 fine shirts.

30 yards of New-York Mills muslin at 14½¢ per yd. \$4 35

7 yards of fine Linen, at 50¢ per yard. 3 50

Making and cutting. 6 00

Laundry, \$1; buttons and cotton, 50¢. 1 50

Profit. 2 65

Total. \$18 00

Self Measurement for Shirts.

Printed directions sent free everywhere, and so easy
to understand, that any one can take their own measure
for shirts. I warrant a good fit. The cash to be paid to
the Express Company on receipt of goods.

The Express charges on one dozen Shirts from New-
York to New Orleans is about \$1.

**WARD, from London,
387 Broadway, up stairs,**

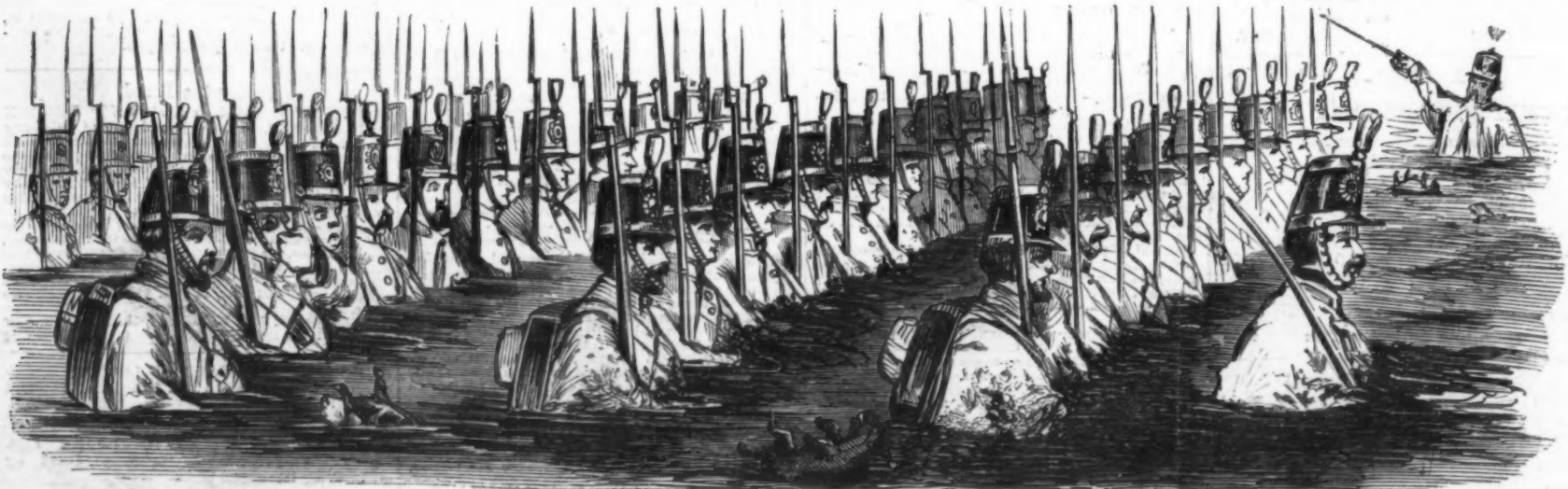
Between White & Walker Streets, NEW-YORK.

Please copy my address as other houses in the city
are selling inferior made shirts at my prices.

Something New.

A HEMMER, TUCKER, FELLER, BINDER
AND GAUGE COMBINED, just patented,
simple, hemming any width and thickness of cloth either
side, applied to any Sewing Machine, by any one, in a few
minutes. RETAIL PRICE, \$5. LIBERAL DISCOUNT TO THE
TRADE. Orders by mail supplied, with complete instruc-
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218-310 UNIVERSAL HEMMER CO., No. 429 Broadway.



COMIC PICTURE—THE SEVENTH REGIMENT AS THEY APPEARED (TO OUR ARTIST) MARCHING THROUGH WASHINGTON CITY ON THE DAY OF THE INAUGURATION—IT WOULD APPEAR THAT OUR ARTIST SAW A GREAT DEPTH OF RICE.